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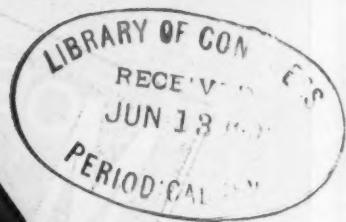
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THURSDAY  
June 11, 1903

# THE MIRROR

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# The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## REFLECTIONS

### Internal Improvements

AN intelligent and systematic regulation of river channels and building of extensive levees can no longer be postponed. National interests now make it obligatory upon Congress to pay more attention to these matters. The Nation can no longer afford to be parsimonious in the setting aside of funds for river and levee improvements. Such great States as Missouri, Kansas and Illinois have interests which cannot be overlooked. It is a perfect disgrace for a country that brags of billion-dollar Congresses to have such badly regulated waterways and such "bum" levees. Western Congressmen should be urged to take the initiative in the movement having for its object the improvement of rivers. The great cities and farming communities of the Mississippi Valley have outgrown the state during which their interests could be ignored by the National Legislature. Their agricultural and commercial industries have assumed dimensions which well warrant the amplest measures of protection. Congress does not hesitate to appropriate millions for the upbuilding of navies and the purchase of tropical islands. Why should it play the curmudgeon in a matter which is of more importance than all the navies and islands and isthmian canals of the world combined? Why shouldn't it be liberal to American citizens and interests at home? Two hundred millions expended on the improvement of the country's rivers and dikes would surely prove a better investment than a dozen Panama or Nicaragua canals. Let's protect our home interests first. The shirt is closer to the body than the coat. There used to be a time when we could permit our big rivers to select any old channel they liked, and leave our towns and farms at the mercies of treacherous waters, but that time has passed. The country needs internal improvements of the right kind, and needs them right off. And that the people are willing to pay for them goes without saying. They know that American money spent on American communities is well invested. A million dollars spent in the United States does more good than one hundred millions spent anywhere else.



### An Unpardonable Waste

FOREST fires entail a tremendous National waste every year. At the present time, they rage almost throughout New England and destroy millions of feet of valuable timber. This sort of annual calamity could certainly be prevented by the adoption of proper precautionary measures. There is no excuse for such an appalling waste of natural resources. The preservation of our forests is yearly becoming of greater importance. It is as vital a matter as irrigation. The wholesale destruction of timber has gone on long enough. It is about time to stop it, and stop it once and forever. Such destructive forest fires as this country is afflicted with are utterly unknown in the well-governed countries of Europe. An efficient forestry establishment would certainly prevent their frequent recurrence. It is rather dispiriting to see the people of this country persist in their happy-go-lucky ways of looking at and treating their great natural resources. A growing accentuation of unfavorable changes in climatic conditions and the increasing frequency of disastrous floods should certainly suffice to convince

them that a careful protection and husbandry of the country's natural wealth are not only desirable, but imperatively called for. Heretofore we have made a practice of wasting our National wealth. Now let us commence to preserve what has been left. It is well worth preserving.



### Needed Reform

THE decision of Mr. Root, the Secretary of War, hereafter to insist upon a greater amount of scholastic acquirements on the part of military officers deserves to be commended. It is something that the morale and efficiency of the army necessitate. The time has surely passed by when army officers could rely for advancement in rank solely upon the resignation, removal or death of superiors. The organization of a general staff, as provided for by recent legislation, imperatively calls for a radical change in the scholastic training of officers. It puts a premium upon diligence and efficiency in service. It assures aspiring officers that by exerting themselves properly they will accelerate their advancement. It discourages indolence, sloth and incompetency. It aims at the establishment of a corps of officers ranking second to none. Mr. Root's recent rulings will be welcomed by all worthy men in the service. They are in no wise harsh or unjust. If impartially enforced, they will soon vindicate themselves. There is every reason why the American army officer should mentally be well-equipped. Ignorance and incompetency have no place in an army that represents the greatest country on earth.



### Timely Help in Accidents

THE Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company has made a practical beginning in having its employes instructed in preliminary methods of attending people injured in accidents. The management is most enthusiastic over its experiment. And well it may be. It has taken a step which should have been taken long since. Railroad employes, if properly instructed, can do much towards relieving the sufferings of injured people immediately after accidents have occurred. They are invariably the first on the spot. They are, as a rule, practical, strong and intelligent men. By following the right sort of methods they will prove of great assistance to physicians. They can easily be taught to attend to simple fractures, to alleviate suffering and even to administer the necessary medicine in certain cases. When accidents occur, it is promptness of help which counts the most. In the majority of cases, it takes several hours before needed surgical treatment can be obtained. Such a delay often entails the loss of a life or limb which could have been saved by prompt assistance. It is to be hoped that other railroad corporations will deem it expedient to follow the example set by the Philadelphia & Reading. Their own interests, if not purely humane considerations, should urge them to it.



### Socialism in Germany

It is confidently expected that, as a result of the approaching elections, the Socialists will gain many new seats in the German Reichstag. They have made an active canvass, and their cause has been vitally strengthened by unwise legislation increasing the duties on foodstuffs. There is every probability that the Socialists will make larger gains than the Agrarians. The business depression of the last few



years has made many new converts to Socialism. The German cities are growing rapidly. Within the not remote future, Germany will be almost as much of an industrial State as is present-day England. There are now about sixty millions of people within the empire. If the present ratio of growth is maintained, the problem of providing sufficient foodstuffs will become most acute. It would seem, therefore, that the imperial government should recognize the folly involved in submitting to arrogant Agrarian demands. The empire can no longer rely on its own agricultural resources. It is compelled every year to increase its imports from other countries. Germany is the leading industrial State of the Continent of Europe. Its foreign trade shows constant enormous expansion. The recent period of panic and depression has had but little effect on the enterprise of German manufacturers and merchants. It has led neither to a débâcle nor discouragement. Industrial Germany is now more than ever determined to enlarge its foreign markets and vigorously to assert itself in competition with the United States and England, its most formidable rivals. The astounding development of German industrial interests is the principal cause of the growth of Socialism within the empire. The doctrines of Marx and Lassalle appeal with particularly insistent force to the illogically reasoning minds of urban laboring masses. The German government is, therefore, making an egregious mistake by enacting legislation calculated to increase the cost of the necessities of life. The best way to fight Socialism is to remove causes of social discontent. Remove the cause and you destroy the evil. When the masses are well-paid and well-fed, they are not very likely to hearken to tales of woe and governmental injustice. Starvation wages and empty stomachs make for unrest. "Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights," says Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. There is fine philosophy and sound statesmanship in these words. Emperor William and his advisers should be told to ponder them. Contented men are, as a rule, conservatives. They have no use for destructive politics. Modern governments will do well in bearing this in mind. If they disregard the tendencies of the industrial age, if they legislate for the classes rather than the masses, they do so at their peril. The German government will have only itself to blame if it is confronted with more Socialistic deputies in the new Reichstag.



#### The Flood Sufferers

At this writing, it looks as if the worst of the flood had been seen. The damage wrought by the rampageous waters is enormous. Besides the deplorable loss in human lives, there has been an appalling destruction of property. There will be a great deal of suffering and destitution as a result of these flood-disasters. Prompt and efficient help is needed, and will no doubt be forthcoming. The afflicted deserve all our sympathy. They are not only worthy of, but entitled to, all the help we can extend to them.



#### Human Wisdom

An English scholar has recently been discoursing on the wisdom of the ages. What is the wisdom of the ages? Does anybody know? There have been "wise guys" who laid down hard-and-fast rules of living wisely, but, with but few exceptions, they themselves neglected to practice what they preached. This thing called wisdom is not what it is "cracked up" to be. It stands more for pedantry and bigotry than anything else. Human wisdom is human, and, therefore, an imperfect thing. What it considers right today may be wrong to-morrow. It is too much of an

abstraction, and, for this very reason, hard to live up to. It is too apt to ignore the concrete, the prejudices and foibles of mankind. Wisdom is a most beautiful thing, but it does not work well in practice. He who pretends to be wise is frequently the most foolish of men. Our boasted knowledge is all delusion. It has no permanent value. It stops at the brink of the grave, and is forgotten when the mouth that preached it is filled with dust.



#### Mr. Payne's Investigation

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT promises to make the investigation into the Post Office department scandals rigid and thorough. This is what it should be, what the interests of the country and justice demand. The investigation has, so far, lacked in vigor and, perhaps, also in sincerity. The lackadaisical Mr. Payne has been, and still is, displaying altogether too much indifference towards a matter which is of National importance. If he had not become alarmed at the multiplying charges of laxity made against him, it is doubtful if he would have taken more than a perfunctory interest in the investigation conducted by the energetic Mr. Bristow. Mr. Roosevelt owes it to himself and his Administration to probe things to the bottom. An unsparing and strictly honest investigation is what the country demands. Petty partisan considerations should not be permitted to have any influence in a matter of this kind.



#### Discounting the Future

STOCKS in Wall street are still depreciating. Liquidation has been in full swing for some time. Many thousands of shares have been thrown overboard by people who had wearied of holding them any longer. What does this mean? The answer is obvious. It means that Wall street is engaged in discounting an approaching business depression. At the present time, business is still prosperous all over the country. Railroad gross earnings continue to increase, and so do bank clearances. Leading merchants and manufacturers profess to see no cause for apprehension or suspicion. Yet, there is, and must be, something out of joint somewhere. Wall street would not be selling stocks in such a persistent, startling manner if it had not assured itself that an unfavorable economic change is rapidly approaching. Wall street has good sources of information. Its leaders are identified with all the great railroad and industrial corporations of the country. If stocks, even the best class of stocks, are now being thrown on the market at sinking prices, it necessarily suggests that prominent holders have lost confidence. There has been an enormous depreciation since last summer. Some of the best investment issues are now close to the level at which they sold three or four years ago. Even bonds disclose selling pressure. Even they are depreciating slowly, though in a more gradual way. If Wall street were not disturbed, if it had hopes of an indefinite prolongation of good times, it would avidly absorb stocks at current prices. It is an expert in judging values, and still more of an expert in diagnosing economic conditions. If it at present hesitates to purchase even at the prevailing low level, the inference is permissible that the opinion obtains in high speculative circles that values will eventually go still lower. Are there any perturbative symptoms extant? There are. The following are some of them: The falling tendency in prices of iron and steel; the undue distention of bank loans and the smallness of surplus reserves in New York and other monetary centers in the East; the constant flurries in money rates; the exports of gold; the inability of underwriting syndicates to dispose of their immense holdings of watered issues of stocks and bonds; the inflated cost of commodities and labor; the unrest

among laboring elements, and last, but not least, the recent decision in the Northern Securities case, which put an effective stop to the consolidation mania. Wall street has been drawing its own logical deductions from the above-enumerated factors, and that these deductions are not of a reassuring or roseate character may be seen by the severe drop in security values. The weakness in the iron markets is incontrovertible evidence that production is slowly overtaking consumption. All metal markets are significantly weak. The big decline in copper quotations has well-nigh knocked all the artificial props from under the securities of producers of this metal. Interest rates will, indubitably, soon show a rising tendency again. There is no surplus money for speculative booms. As matters stand, the opinion is justified that a further contraction of loans and inflated values would not be a bad thing for legitimate business interests. Unfortunately, the fall in security prices has severely hit the small investor. There are many millions of dollars of little savings invested in industrial and railroad issues. People who know declare that the public bought eagerly for investment two years ago, when prices were at or close to the top. As there has been a large shrinkage in quotations since that time, purchases then made must show extensive losses by this time. That the public would get the hot end of the poker was to be expected. It invariably makes the blunder of buying when the boom is nearing culmination, or has already culminated.



#### Standing Pat

MARCUS AURELIUS HANNA stands for conservatism in politics. He dreads innovation; he hates agitation. He worships the things that are; he honors the "cold facts." At the present time, he unceasingly protests against the "Iowa Idea." There must be no tariff revision, he declares; the Dingley tariff must be held as sacred, and as far removed from profane hands, as used to be the ark of the covenant. Why should there be such a howl for tariff revision? Isn't everybody prosperous and piling up the "dough?" There is, according to the Ohio Senator's idea, absolutely no need of tariff revision. The Dingley tariff has justified itself, and, incidentally, justified the things that are. Mr. Dingley is in his grave and, after life's fitful fever, sleeps well, but his legislative work has survived. It is, opines the National Chairman, a greater work of constructive statesmanship than even the Federal Constitution itself. Therefore, the Dingley tariff, the palladium of the Nation, must be kept intact. Protection à la Dingley has worked wonders. It has increased the National wealth enormously. According to Wall street's flexible figures, the gain, since 1896, amounts to no less than ten thousand millions of dollars. Truly a startling amount! No such gain in National wealth was ever made before in the world's history. Besides, protection à la Dingley has greatly enlarged our population. From every section of the country come dispatches announcing two-ply, three-ply and four-ply births. Some Western States report even the arrival of quintuplets. All this must, of course, be ascribed to the beneficial results of a protective tariff. There can be no such thing as racial suicide while the Dingley law is in operation. Protection makes for expansion in everything—even in sexual fertility. It is strictly scientific. It keeps the Nation abreast of civilization. Protection, avers Mr. Hanna, is the real secret of our country's power and greatness; that is to say, protection as embodied in the Dingley tariff schedules. Mr. Dingley, we are given to understand, legislated for all time. He saw as far into futurity as did the Prophet Jeremiah. His brain seized upon and wrestled with cycles of ages. So well



did he legislate, so well did he grasp "this sorry Scheme of Things entire," that it may truly be said that the least alteration in his tariff schedules will inevitably hurl the Nation from its pinnacle of might and glory into the abyss of misery and decay. Therefore, the schedules must not be touched; there must not be the least reduction in rates. *O sancta simplicitas!* At what fool conclusions will the human mind arrive, when it is warped with prejudice or ruled by greed. Mr. Hanna is a sensible business man. In fact, he is more of a business man than a politician. He is the very incarnation of what is known as "business sense." If he had any other sense, he would be playing different antics in the present-day political arena. We will make no concessions to free traders, vehemently declares the Ohio Senator. The "Iowa idea" is all rot. It is merely an idea. It was hatched in the addled brains of would-be reformers. What has Governor Cummins ever done for the country, anyhow? He, a man that is alive and active and thinking and observing, cannot logically be presumed to know more about present needs than Mr. Dingley, who has been removed from this mundane sphere of endeavor and the cavity of whose cranium has for some years been filled with dust. A dead man knows more than a live man! That's plain enough. Therefore, let's "stand pat!" Therefore, let's be conservative! Therefore, let's swear by the things as they are! This is the quintessence of Mr. Hanna's philosophy. By all means, Mr. Hanna, continue to "stand pat." Others before you have "stood pat" in their time and maintained their position, and worshiped the things that are, until the people decided to "stand pat" on their rights and swept them out of power and authority. There are different ways of "standing pat." Some of them are right; the others are wrong. Your way, Mr. Hanna, belongs to the latter category.

#### A Few Aspects of Immigration

IMMIGRATION into this country is still breaking all records. The influx of foreigners for the current year will approximate eight hundred thousand persons. Italians, Hungarians, Russians and Poles make up the bulk of these immigrants. While we have use and place for them, at least at the present time, it cannot be said they are very desirable elements. They are not easily assimilated. They come hither because they have to, and not because they are particularly attracted by our republican institutions. It is only in the case of Russian Jews that something besides mere economic pressure acts as an incentive to emigrate. Most of these immigrants are densely ignorant. They are alien to our ways of thinking. In the course of time, they will, no doubt, be thoroughly assimilated, but, in the meanwhile, they will prove a source of considerable vexation and trouble. However, in one important respect, they must be regarded as a welcome addition to our population. They rear and like "interesting" families. Their reproductive powers are incalculable. It is absolutely no trouble for them to follow the Mosaic injunction to increase and multiply. With this sort of people coming into the country, in steadily increasing numbers, the American birth-rate should experience a tremendous boost. The foreigners now coming in will still acquit themselves in praiseworthy fashion of the noble task of generating offspring long after the "native American" race has become one of the extinct species of American fauna.

#### The Rising Rostand

DISPATCHES announce that M. Edmond de Rostand is the Italian theater-goers' idol. His "*l'Aiglon*" is actually making Rome howl. His praise is on everybody's lips. For the nonce, the fame of the decadently

erotic and putrescently brilliant Gabriele d'Annunzio is completely eclipsed by that of the ambitious Frenchman. Edmond is, unquestionably, a talented and promising young *littérateur*. He has written some really clever things. His "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" cannot be regarded as a bad literary creation. It has a few redeeming spots. But, alas! It proved his undoing in the United States. Edmond's fame was knocked into a cocked hat when Mr. What's-His-Name, of Chicago, announced that Edmond had committed the heinous crime of plagiarizing. Edmond's tottering fame was finally given the *coup de grace*, when a learned Chicago judge, whose knowledge of literature is both profound and voluminous, upheld the Chicago scribbler's contention. Such is the vanity of literary fame in the United States. However, Edmond can console himself with the thought that the Chicago literary *cause célèbre* did not prevent his being admitted to the *Académie Française*. He got there, anyway, in spite of all the sordid aspersions cast upon his fair name. The time when Chicago can pose as a literary center, and its wool-sackers as art-critics, is still far off in the dim future.

#### Brave East St. Louis

THE citizens of East St. Louis must be congratulated upon the wonderful amount of courage and grit which they displayed during the worst hours of the flood-crisis. They behaved splendidly. They fought like Spartans. A community composed of men and women of such dauntless kinetic energy cannot be downed by the elements. East St. Louis is bound to emerge triumphantly from any crisis that may confront it and to succeed in anything that it may undertake. East St. Louis is still there. Its future is brighter than ever.

#### More Atrocities

THE Congo Free State appears to be controlled by a gang of infamous, murderous scoundrels. The news comes from there that the natives of King Leopold's African domain are held in the most abject form of slavery. They are tortured on the slightest accusation, on the most trivial pretexts. So much have they been hounded that many villages are now completely deserted, the former inhabitants preferring the wilds of the African forests and jungles to white men's rule. The Congo Free State is ripe for annexation to English or French possessions. It has lost its right to exist. The men who rule it seem to be determined to convert it into an earthly hell. There was more civilization in the Soudan, during the *régime* of the Moslem Khalifa than there is in the Christian Congo Free State.

#### Standard Oil Dividends

THE par value of Standard Oil stock is one hundred dollars a share. On this there has, since January first, 1900, been paid one hundred and sixty dollars a share in dividends, or a total of \$168,000,000 on about \$100,000,000 of stock capital. It is to be presumed that this is what they call a fair return on invested capital. At least, it should be a fair return. So far in 1903, the dividends on Standard Oil stock aggregate twenty-seven dollars a share. This must be regarded as a good deal more than the trust is entitled to. The Rockefeller combine would have no reason to complain if it earned only ten per cent on its capital stock in six months. There are few business establishments which permanently return more than ten per cent per annum on the invested capital. The Standard Oil Trust has done a profitable business all along. It managed to scrape together thirty-one per cent even during the lean times of 1896. In 1900 and in 1901, it paid

forty-eight per cent to share-holders, and in 1902, forty-five per cent. It is estimated that John D. Rockefeller's share of dividends paid since January 1st, 1900, amounted to \$56,000,000. He is credited with holding thirty-three per cent of the capital stock outstanding. In view of this, it does not seem that John should have much difficulty in doling out gifts to his favorite churches and colleges. He should have money to burn by this time. A man who is able to earn ninety thousand dollars every day of his life, can afford to "blow himself," and to indulge in the luxury of philanthropy. What's modern philanthropy but another form of luxury? The man of small means tips his barber, and the man of millions tips his pastor or his professor.

#### Should Drop It

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's protectionist ideas do not seem to take well in England. Even the *Spectator*, which has so far been fanatically loyal to the Colonial Secretary, is condemning them as dangerous and absurd. "Joe" will have to try something else, if he is anxious to continue posing as the radical of the radicals, as the *plus brave des braves* of political adventurers. His protection and federation proposals may yet give him a world of troubles. It looks very much as if "Joe" had at last tackled the wrong thing. John Bull has grown fond of free trade. He has prospered under it. It has put money in his pocket. But for free trade, England would not be the first commercial nation of the world. John Bull may be excused if he regards "Joe's" scheme as a sort of "bloomin'" idiocy.

#### Arnold's Note-Book

MATTHEW ARNOLD's note-book, recently published, gives us a close-range view of the man and his intellectual growth. It shows Arnold at work in his workshop, with his material rough-hewn around him, already bearing the impress of his genius. The very act of selection seems in a curious way to have made the various passages from favorite books his own. Phrases gathered from the four corners of the world of thought appear to take to themselves new and unexpected meanings as part of the terminology or machinery of a new, serene, but urgent philosophy. We see here the principles of his critical work taking form. As early as 1857, we find the phrase, *semper aliquid certi proponendum est*. It is repeated in 1859, 1863, 1868 and 1883. It seems to lie at the very heart of Arnold's philosophy of life, and inspired the attack on both Philistinism and provincialism. Again, in the year (1858) that he wrote "*Metrope*" he dwells on that "composure of mind which the Greeks deemed indispensable to the enjoyment of a work of art;" while, five years later, he is still developing the Greek conception of art and examining the relation of the "grand style" to perfection in literature. Arnold believed in the urgency and advantages of work. In 1858, he notes "the three pillars of learning: seeing much, suffering much, and studying much." Ten years later, we find: "How much more time than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave." In the same year he adds: "True piety is acting what one knows." However, with Arnold the glory of work did not stand alone. As in Sophocles, serenity of mind must accompany vigor: "He that believeth shall not make haste." The end and aim of serene urgency is the elevation of the soul "*vers celui qui représente dans nos pensées l'idéale justice et l'infatigable amour*" (to Him who represents in our thoughts ideal justice and untiring love). The last entries of this strange note-book



were, by a striking coincidence, made for the days of his death and burial—passages from Ecclesiasticus, sombre, yet full of tender significance, in which the poet bids us comfort ourselves and be comforted for him who has passed from sight. These last words strike with final fulness the continuous note of the book—the comfort that lives in noble works, their curative force for the heartaches of a world.



#### Prison Reform

THE new Illinois law abolishing the contract system, and confining the labor of convicts to the making of goods needed in the various public institutions of the State and municipalities, merits commendation. It is neither hostile to the just interests of organized labor, nor opposed to the humanitarian view of the punishment of crime and the punitive and corrective purposes of the penitentiary system. Convicts must be employed in some way. It would be utterly barbarous and un-Christian to compel them to remain idle, or to deprive them of all chance to learn to become useful to themselves and to the community. The penitentiary has too long been regarded as an exclusively punitive institution, where the prisoner was to be degraded rather than uplifted. Enlightened present-day opinion is that the prison should be a school as well as a prison, that it should make the convict feel that he is not altogether an outcast and an outlaw, that society still takes an interest in him and his welfare. The model penitentiary, according to progressive ideas, tempers sternness with kindness, justice with humanity. While it punishes with one arm, it holds out hope with the other. Why should the prisoner be regarded and treated as a prisoner only after the cell-door has closed behind him? There is many a man in the penitentiary who is a vast deal better than thousands of those who would fain debar him from all kindness, pity and hope. As has often been said, there are more criminals outside than inside the prison walls. We are all wrong-doers. There is not one that is perfect. The petty thief who appropriated twenty-five dollars from his neighbor is no worse than his fellow who robs the Government or State of thousands of dollars by committing perjury before the tax-assessors. It is still true that, in a great many instances, a man is recognized as a criminal not because he did wrong, but simply because he allowed himself to be caught.



#### NEW ZEALAND COMMUNISM

BY GEORGE F. LANCASTER.

THE latest news from New Zealand is not encouraging. It is very disappointing to those who had hoped and predicted that compulsory arbitration would surely vindicate its practical value by inspiring permanently harmonious relations between employers and employes, and an unprecedented era of prosperity. For, at the present time, New Zealand is in a grave state of unrest and strife. Flushed with its successes of the past, labor has become unruly and arrogant. Demagogic agitators are browbeating government and capital. They are doing their very best to kill all industry and enterprise. If no effective check is interposed, New Zealand is bound to drift into Socialism and Communism.

The debt of the colony is already of enormous size, and still growing at a rate that warrants the conclusion that, within the not distant future, the colony will be bankrupt and compelled to resort to the dishonest expedient of repudiation. The fiscal system is implicate to a degree. It actually invites recklessness in expenditure. It is egregiously absurd and without definite purposes. All legislation is distinctly Socialistic, and fastening the labor unions' hold upon the mechanism of government.

New Zealand must be regarded as a labor oligarchy. It is labor's interest exclusively which is considered by the law-makers. The colonial legislature dare not revolt against the behests of labor dictators. Every demand presented by the latter is invariably granted with submissive promptitude.

The praises of Mr. Seddon, the Premier, have frequently and enthusiastically been sung by admirers and theorists. Undoubtedly he is an honest and well-meaning man. Yet he is not the man that New Zealand needs. Mr. Seddon is too complacent, and, what is worse, too much of an enthusiast on Utopian schemes. He is one of those dangerous dreamers who believe that all the ills of mankind are remediable by legislation. Untutored by experience, eager to pander and to please and devoid of the necessary quantity of backbone, Mr. Seddon is just the man that New Zealand should not have at its helm. He is afflicted with radical Socialistic tendencies and an adherent of the theory that government should assume the right to direct all the energies of individuals and to interfere in all relations between employer and working-man.

So far as compulsory arbitration is concerned, it may be stated without hesitation that it has proved a ghastly failure. What was, at one time, regarded as a "triumph of legislation" has proved itself the curse of the colony. While the Act has settled labor difficulties, it has also "settled" New Zealand's industrial prosperity. Compulsory arbitration is certainly a most beautiful ideal. But, unfortunately, like many other ideals, it has its weak side. In the case of New Zealand, it would have been better if compulsory arbitration had remained a beautiful ideal. For, in practice, it has turned out an exasperating failure. The Court of Arbitration has been appealed to in many disputes where the vital principle was not arbitration, but compulsion. Every petty wrangle, every fancied grievance, is submitted to it, and, as a rule, decided in favor of the labor unions. The queer idea that workingmen have of compulsory arbitration was clearly demonstrated when, some weeks ago, they refused to accept a decree handed down by the Court of Arbitration which they considered prejudicial to their interests.

The tribunal is practically under the complete control of labor unions. It regulates all the industries of the colony. It takes cognizance of all details of management. It endeavors to restrict the right of the individual to manage his own affairs, and, in the exercise of its authority, disregards the most axiomatic principles of political economy.

As one well-informed critic puts it: "The court affects to base its awards on the profits of business, as shown in its requiring the production of balance-sheets and its claim to examine labor books. It seems to think that profits alone govern wages, unmindful of the fact that the moment profits become excessive competition steps in. Wages, as all economists are aware, are governed by the simple laws of supply and demand, and no court can override that principle. Of course, where surplus labor can be arranged for out of public funds, a system of artificial regulation of wages may go on indefinitely; but it is obvious that there must be a limit to the use of public funds for such a purpose. In 1891, when the plan (compulsory arbitration) was first adopted, seven hundred and eighty-eight out-of-works were given employment by the state; in 1902, the average number for the year was 4,567. How many men will the state be called on to provide for when really bad times set in?"

Employers are up in arms against the results of the law in question and urging Mr. Seddon to curtail the powers of the tribunal and to refuse to make further

concessions to labor agitators. It is doubtful, however, that they will be able to prevail upon the Premier to abandon his attitude of complaisance towards the Socialistic propaganda. He has already declared that "if judges do not do their work properly, parliament must be appealed to." These words seem to indicate that the ever increasing demands of labor will, if necessary, be submitted to the Colonial legislators instead of the Court of Arbitration. The adoption of such a policy would tend to make matters still worse, inasmuch as labor is predominant in parliament and would be beyond restraint if it attempted to ride rough-shod over the rights of individuals.



#### EMANCIPATED WOMAN

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

WOMAN is gradually coming to her rights. One judge after the other is falling into line by holding that the fair one has as much right to dispose of the family cash as has her erstwhile liege lord; that she is socially free; that she must be consulted in regard to all matters that concern family-affairs; that her interest in life can no longer be restricted to the household circle, and that her husband must treat her as his equal in every respect. In *fine*, woman is approaching a state of complete emancipation. She is growing into the full status of womanhood.

All this furnishes cause for rejoicing and even thankfulness. Too long has woman been barred from the enjoyment of rights which are hers. Too long has man been regarded as her superior and master. When the emancipation movement began, fears were expressed by ultra-conservatives that it would end in no good; that it would lead to a dissolution of family ties, and enfeeble woman's hold upon the affections of man. The expectations of pessimists have, however, not materialized. For, to-day, woman is more woman than she ever was in the history of mankind. She lives more, and she loves more; she gives more and she receives more; she does more and is honored more. Never has man been as deeply enamored of her as he is at the present time. His admiration of her qualities has been intensified; his respect for her ideals has been enhanced; his desire to make her all that he ever dreamed her to be has received greater stimulus by the success she has so far achieved, by the good she has wrought since the day when the first ignoble shackles of the feudal ages were removed from her social status.

Her enemies are making much of the increase in divorce cases as an argument against further emancipation. There is every reason to believe, however, that, in the majority of such unfortunate affairs, woman is more sinned against than sinner. As a rule, it is man who is the offender. Woman knows little of vice. But the same cannot be said of man. Man is given to excesses of all kind, and, by nature, selfish to a degree. Man loves sin, in some form or other. He has not that innate sense of refinement which is woman's most precious and most lovable inheritance.

Man is an immoral animal, and woman represents his better self. Of the human species, woman represents *Dr. Jekyll*, and man *Mr. Hyde*. But for woman, man would be steeped in and stewing in corruption. But for woman, he would have neither ideal, nor hope, nor goal. Without her, he would be floundering in the mire of immorality and intemperance. Read the details of ninety-five per cent of divorce cases, and all this will be brought home to your mind with startling lucidity.

Emancipation has more clearly revealed the goodness of woman's nature, the nobility of her ideals and her right to be regarded as man's equal. She has

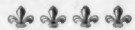


## HOW TO BEAUTIFY CITIES

BY JAMES L. LACKLAND.

successfully passed her apprenticeship. She has succeeded in directions where her slanderers expected dismal failure and humiliation. She has neither lost in dignity, nor in attractiveness. She is now working bravely and cheerfully at the side of man. She acts as a restraint as well as a stimulus. She gives added zest to life's work and life's enjoyment. Modern woman is blither, happier and stronger for having been emancipated and given opportunity to demonstrate her worth in those lines of work for which Nature has fitted her.

The emancipated woman is in every way an improvement upon her foremothers. She gets more out of life; she is more of a helpmate to man. She is neither prudish, nor bold; neither submissive, nor arrogant. She is every inch a woman, proud of her position and hopeful of the triumphs to be gained in the future. Side by side they are working, encouraging and assisting each other, she conquering with love and gentle mind, he planning and achieving with masculine courage and ambition. A noble, inspiring spectacle, this! Fellow-fighters in the fight of life; lovers and helpmates in the domestic circle!



## FAN FITZGERL

BY ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES

WIRRA, wirra! ologone!  
 Can't ye lave a lad alone,  
 Till he's proved there's no tradition left  
 of any other girl—  
 Not even Trojan Helen  
 In beauty all excellin'—  
 Who's been up to half the divlement of Fan Fitzgerl?

Wid her brows of silky black  
 Arched above for the attack,  
 Her eyes they dart such azure death on poor admirin'  
 man;  
 Masther Cupid, point your arrows,  
 From this out, agin the sparrows,  
 For your bested at Love's archery by young Miss Fan.

See what showers of golden thread  
 Lift and fall upon her head,  
 The likes of such a trammel-net at say was never  
 spread;  
 For whin accurately reckoned,  
 'Twas computed that each second  
 Of her curls has caught a Kerryman and kilt him  
 dead.

Now mintion if ye will,  
 Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill,  
 Or Ma'g'llcuddy's Reeks renowned for cripplin' all  
 they can;  
 Still the countryside confesses  
 None of all its precipices  
 Cause a quarter of the carnage of the nose of Fan.

But your shattered hearts suppose  
 Safely steered apast her nose,  
 She's a current and a reef beyant to wreck them rovin'  
 ships.  
 My maning it is simple,  
 For that current is her dimple,  
 And the cruel reef 'twill coax ye to, her coral lips.

I might inform ye further  
 Of her bosom's snowy murther,  
 And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's de-  
 lightful whirl;  
 But what need, when all the village  
 Has forsook its peaceful tillage  
 And flown to war and pillage all for Fan Fitzgerl.

SIGNS of a civic awakening are at present in evidence in every large city of the country. More and more is it being recognized that too long have political and merely utilitarian considerations been permitted to exercise exclusive sway in municipal government. More and more is the impression gaining ground that the time has arrived when attention must be given to the æsthetic; that is, the proper beautification of cities along artistic lines.

The development of civic art in the United States has been slow. The reasons of this are not far to seek. They can be found in the phenomenal growth in population and area, in the feverish desire to acquire a competency, and in various adverse political, social and economic factors, the particular nature and tendencies of which need not here be dwelled upon.

Yet, at the present time, there is such a thing as civic art in our large cities. As Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson in his excellent work on "Modern Civic Art, or the City Made Beautiful," (lately published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) truly remarks, "cities grow in splendor. There are new standards of beauty and dignity for towns."

The modern, dawning, civic art appears as the latest step in the course of civic evolution. The flowering of great cities into beauty is the sure and ultimate phase of a progressive development. It has represented the crown of each successive civilization. If decadence has followed it, if the storied beauty of Babylon, if the splendor of Carthage as Turner painted it, if the chaste loveliness of Athens and the magnificence of Rome marked in each case the culmination of an empire, it has been through no effeminacy and weakness inherent in the development itself. Rather has it been because the glory showered upon these cities was a concentrated expression of the highest civilization and the highest culture of which the empire was capable.

A city, necessarily, attracts. A large city, as Paris, for instance, constitutes the brains and hearts of a nation. "All that is best," says Mr. Robinson, "the city draws to itself. As magnets acting on filings of steel, the cities attract from their dependent fields whatever there be of learning, culture and art. The adornment that was lavished upon Venice, Florence, and the minor city-republics of Italy, and again upon the Flemish cities, represented, not weakness, but the virility and rich abundance of those qualities of mind and heart which expressed themselves in the Southern and Northern Renaissance. Had the cities been less beautiful, the Renaissance had been less noble. They mutually interpret each other; and cities begin to bud and flower in beauty only when learning, culture, and art are flowering around them."

As wealth, and love of beauty, comfort and cleanliness grow, commerce and industry express themselves in the realm of city æsthetics, in great highways, in commercial palaces, in bridges and wharves, and stations. The love of nature, the lately aroused consciousness of what may be called sentiment for landscape, brings vegetation into the busy city to soften and brighten; and then the spirit of practical philanthropy—so evident to-day—locates playgrounds, builds schools, and insists that modern civic art shall pervade all quarters of the town, remodeling alleys as well as avenues.

Civic art is often, and deprecatingly, referred to as a fad. Nothing could be more mistaken than this view of this latest phase of municipal progress. Civic art is neither a fad, nor a mere bit of æstheticism.

There is nothing effeminate or sentimental about it—like tying tidies on telegraph poles and putting doilies on the cross-walks—it is vigorous, virile, sane. Altruism is its impulse, but it is older than any altruism of the hour—as old as the dreams and aspirations of men. We talk much about it now, because we are living in a period that has witnessed more building and remodeling of cities than any period of history, and therefore in a period that compels us to turn our thoughts to the best ways of making improvements and to the principles that ought to guide in building the modern city. And those are the laws of civic art, of the great art that is of the people and for the people, that is closest to their lives, and that draws more than half its charm from the recognition of perfect fitness in its achievements.

Mr. Robinson lays great weight upon the appropriateness of a water front for beautification and improvements of various kinds. Says he: "The most favorable place from which to view a city is usually . . . the water. There, no distracting element intrudes between scene and seer. The waves are a neutral foreground, sufficiently detailed, and yet with no detail to arrest the eye; and beyond—with distance to idealize and harmonize—the city rises in a contrast sharp and urban. The water view is one that civic art, then, cannot overlook. Happily, from the æsthetic standpoint, the city is rare which is not located upon water; and yet there is scant thought of the water-front appearance, and regard for the possibilities of the urban picture where it should be seen most advantageously. The shore must long, and perhaps always, be one of the community's focal points, but the tendency is to appear to turn the back upon the water. At the water's edge the town began, and pressing inward and climbing higher, the beginning is forgotten or ignored, as if a cause for shame. But rather is it cause for pride, and as the city grows, the water gate is still the entrance, the view across the waves the first picture still for growing numbers. If civic art is anywhere to be jealous of results, there is no point that can more fittingly demand attention than this—the picture of the city from its river, its lake or sea. Whatever the body of water, it will bear its multitude of observers, for if the narrow river would seem to have fewer than the port of sea or lake, remember that every farther shore, and every bridge that spans the stream, affords the water view."

St. Louisans should be particularly interested in the author's remarks upon the desirability and ways of beautifying a city's water front. Their river-front has been allowed to degenerate so long, and to such an extent, that they have almost arrived at the point where they are willing to despair of their ever being able to metamorphose it into what it should be—one of the principal beauty spots of their municipality.

Most instructive are Mr. Robinson's words pointing out the advantages, from a utilitarian as well as from an æsthetic standpoint, of a central location for the municipal government buildings. To such edifices, he says, "there ought to be given not merely a central location, which will be invited by considerations of convenience even more strongly than by those of sentiment, but all the additional emphasis and conspicuousness that site can offer. No other structures are so appropriately entitled to the best position that the town can afford, convenience and appearance being jointly considered, as are those that officially stand for the town. . . . There is, for example, a utilitarian gain in the contraction of the public business and the consequent saving of time; and there is a civic gain in the added dignity and importance which the buildings seem to possess. Collectively, they appear to make the city more pridesworthy; they suggest the co-operation of departments rather than that in-



dividual sufficiency which separate buildings recommend and which is at the root of so much administrative evil; they make the municipality, in this representation of the mightiness of its total business, seem a more majestic thing and one better worth the devotion and service of its citizens. They make it seem better worth living for, and working for, as of larger possibilities for good, than could the same buildings when scattered about the town and lost in a wilderness of commercial structures."

Mr. Robinson devotes considerable space to the way in which civic art should express itself in the street plan of our business districts. He does not consider the widening of streets as of special importance, or as most likely to secure comfort and convenience for travel or to bestow upon the city an appearance of splendor. "As well might one think that the one way to emphasize a word in speaking is to scream it, and that therein lay the secret of the art of oratory. The error must be clear from what has been said; but to emphasize it, we may note that in Paris the Avenue de l'Opéra is one hundred and twenty feet wide, and the Rue de Rivoli one hundred feet wide, while in London, Holborn, Oxford street, and Bayswater Road have a width of seventy feet (and reach for four miles). Regent street is eighty feet broad, and Queen Victoria street seventy-five feet. We may ask ourselves how much of the difference in the impressions that these streets make is due to the difference of width. As far as appearance goes, the architectural termini and the relative length are always stronger factors. The width demanded by the traffic alone is not, also, to be determined merely by the traffic's mass. The grade and the speed at which the travel moves must be carefully considered in interpreting the requirements of its volume."

In reference to the height of business buildings, we are told that the need of to-day is not so much to incite as wisely to restrain, pointing out that in the long run the height that most counts in a building is the height of the architect's ideal; the richness, that of his fancy; the solidity, that of his self-restraint. The need is that he should realize that his problem is not that of a building only, but of a city.

Very attractive, almost enchanting, is Mr. Robinson's ideal of a business street plan. There should be first a comprehensive scheme, a skeleton of arterial thoroughfares to provide for the through travel from point to point. These great roads will be direct, broad, straight and free from heavy grades. At the focal points, there will be open spaces and from these the great streets will radiate. Then, in laying down the precise location of any one of them, we shall note what views it opens, what its accents are, and, if possible, we shall proportion its width to its length or seeming length. On the lateral and minor streets, designed for local traffic, we shall obtain a pleasing variety in the street lines—even if it be only that of sudden regularity. Later on we will safeguard the appearance of the streets by building regulations; we may even swerve it a little to preserve an historic or beautiful edifice; and we will take care that if it is to pass upon viaduct or bridge, or if a bridge is to be suspended over it, the majesty and beauty of the street shall not be destroyed by a hideous structure.

The furnishings of a street must also be looked after more carefully. This may be a matter of detail only, yet it bears close relation to civic art. Municipal lighting is something especially worthy of study. To quote from our author: "There is hardly a lovelier picture on earth than the night view of a great city—its thousands of lights twinkling in a mighty constellation. Here is a firmament comprehensible be-

cause earth-bound, but not the less marvelous for that. Its stars sing together, and their song is of the might of ourselves. The little heaven is rolled out before us, as a scroll. We know its lines well, we can read in our hearts the possible meaning of every star. . . .

The wonder of the display and the ease with which it is gained make an impression. The cities begin to have buildings outlined in hundreds of lights. Here and there a dome hangs in the sky as if pinned there with golden pins. The strands of a great bridge hang like a necklace of brilliants. A city of fire among the stars means that a city's church spire there points heavenward. It becomes necessary to enact legislation prohibiting a barbarous use of lights. . . . And civic art? Does it wrestle still with the problem of separate fixtures, placed at regular intervals, occupying precious space and costing much? Has it no dreams of lighting the business parts of cities as expositions have been successfully lighted? It is doubtful if a harmonious general scheme of such illumination would cost more than is now expended privately on the shopping streets. Certainly it would cost no more than the total of the public and private lighting together; and into what a scene of beauty and enchantment the business district would be then transformed at night. May not this be the near solution of the lighting problem in that city beautiful which is the dream of civic art?"

Street signs and advertising columns, posters, paper-vending, etc., are also discussed at length and interestingly by our author. Much of what he says is original and well within the sphere of practicableness.

The placing of statues, fountains and trees on the streets, even the business streets, is enthusiastically recommended. The trees, though small and trimmed in formal shapes, as fitting the business street, cast a welcome shade when the sun is hot, and soften, it is said, all extremes of temperature. The fountains, if serving to quench the thirst of man and beast—as will doubtless be their purpose in such location—have an eminently practical use. They perform also a pleasant function in bringing into the street that sound of running water, which, in its idle play, its music reminiscent of the woodland stream and of nature's care-free abandonment, has in the city so rare a power to charm. It has been well said that something about us, some lingering touch perhaps of the race's primitive days, gives to the running water of the city fountain that relation to public life which the fire in the open hearth has to private life. To appreciate this to the full, the fountain should be in the square, where there may be leisure to sit before it. But even in the roar of the street the fascination of its music is not lost. As to the statues, the street with its ceaseless multitude offers, if it has room to offer any site for sculpture, a location that must be full of inspiration to him who would commemorate in permanent materials the deeds of great citizens, the examples of national heroes, the causes for civic pride, and the incentives to high resolve which are offered by the past.

The decoration of cities should be entrusted to experts of taste and education, able to anticipate results, to avoid mistakes, to curb ill-taste and to encourage artistic discernment. There must be a standard of civic art, by which all that changes the aspect of the way shall be judged—to be condemned if falling below it, to be approved if rising to its height. That standard must be high, and there must be authority to enforce adherence to it, but those who have this power must be generous. In public art there should be no bigoted repression; individualism is to be not less feared in the judging than in the creating. The ideal authority

would be a thoroughly educated public taste. When there is not this to depend upon, the jury must have much catholicity of sentiment. It must be firmly didactic only in the broadly recognized essentials of art.

Space precludes quoting from, and commenting upon, Mr. Robinson's elaborately elegant and fascinating discussion of such interesting subjects as the beautification of residence sections, the planning of great avenues, tenement improvements, open spaces, and parks and parkways. Suffice it to say that it is well worth reading. Taken altogether, the book under review is one that no person who is interested in civic art and progress can afford to overlook.



## THE PORTRAIT

BY PAUL REGARD.

"I LIKE to get out of my corduroys now and then," said Thompson, through his cigarette smoke, "and go over where the swell folks live. The Latin Quarter is all right. I'm sort of an anarchist anyway. No man hates society more than I do. But to get into your good clothes occasionally and take a walk around the places where there's money and fashion and good manners and all that, is a good influence. At least it has kept me from being an Indian. As a matter of fact, old chap—you're the only one I have ever mentioned it to—it's furnished the one event in my life worth living for."

Thompson looked straight at me with his steady gray eyes, to see whether I was in the right mood. I took a deep inhalation of my cigarette and looked back at him without smiling. He was so taciturn, as a rule, that I wanted to hear him out. There was nothing common about Thompson, and to-night, in spite of paint-daubed clothes, he possessed more than ever that air of distinguished charm which has always attracted me to him. He took another meditative pull at his cigarette. I think he colored slightly.

"Billy," he said, quietly, a "princess used to live over on the Avenue du Bois who was a dream, and I was in love with her." Then, as if correcting himself: "I am in love with her. I'm in love with her now. Do you understand?"

"I was hardly making enough to live on in those days. I often became sick and discouraged. I was feeling that way one day when I had been taking a walk along the Avenue du Bois. Generally, the sight of all those rich people stirred up my heart and made me ambitious, but, that day, it had made me more melancholy than ever. I wondered if I ever should arrive, have a good studio, have enough money to travel or enough even to buy frames. I was feeling altogether blue. But when I saw her, I felt as though I had taken a drink of Bourbon or a dose of opium. When I saw her, I tell you, it was through a haze of old castles and smoky landscapes. I stopped stock still, and felt myself grow white around the mouth.

"She was in an open carriage, with an old lady. She had such eyes—sad, dark, wonderful, hungry eyes; hungry for what the world had not, I imagined. The horses were walking and the carriage was near the curb. The old lady was looking at the other promenaders, but the princess was leaning back in the cushions, with her eyes turned down. Her face was pale and the contour was infinitely chaste and noble. She was very slender, lithe and graceful. She was dressed all in white, and she was purity personified. I stood there for that long minute that she was in passing, feeling awestruck and religious. And when at last she had passed—I blushed at doing it. I remember—I took off my hat. Then I went over and sat



down on a bench and thought and dreamed all the rest of the afternoon.

"The idea came to me that night to paint her picture. I had never done anything 'big' at that time, but I knew that I should some day. This would be it. I was absolutely sure of myself. I didn't sleep any that night. I began the portrait next morning, a little less sure, but hopeful and determined. The work went along all right, as I think of it now, but I had awful lapses. I was sick half the time with worry and disappointment. Sometimes I sat all day in front of the picture and scarcely touched it—just dreamed and aspired. I lost all heart for the rest of my work. The fellows thought I was going to have typhoid.

"But I went along. I'd go to the Avenue du Bois in the late afternoons; sometimes it was for the entire afternoon. Whenever I saw her I was always more or less upset, but I studied her. I knew every detail of the black wavy hair that she parted at one side, and the long, straight eyebrows. She had a fine delicately arched nose, rather thin lips and a chin like the Grande Demoiselle's. But the expression of her eyes! I never could have got it if she hadn't, one day, when she was passing, looked straight at me and smiled. She had perhaps not even seen me, but that smile set my heart to quivering as though I had just been sentenced to death or made Czar of Russia.

"It was a sad smile—the smile of a child's that's suffering and tries to be brave. I had worshiped the princess before that, as a sort of divinity, but now I loved her. I determined that, whatever I should do or become, it would be for her glorification. I knew from that smile that she was not happy, and I wondered if they were going to marry her to someone she did not care for, or something like that. I think that I murmured a prayer that the Lord might preserve her and make her happy.

"I finished the picture the next day. I had no foolish pride, but I was surprised that I had done it so well.

"It was a full length portrait. She was in her white dress and white hat, with her misty black hair combed over to one side. She held her head like a queen and looked at you like an angel—slender, graceful, vibrant. No one had seen the picture but me. No one should see it until I had sent it to the Salon, and if the jury didn't accept it, so much the worse for them and the public.

"But if the jury did accept it! Do you see what that would mean to me? It would attract the attention of someone who would know who the subject was. They would go and tell her. She would come to see—doubting, slightly annoyed. Then, when she saw it, there'd be a revelation. Someone secretly loved her, and paid her this great tribute. She would read the signature. Perhaps—and here I had a lump in my throat—she would look for him; come to his studio with that white-haired old lady; ask him how he had come to paint it; talk to him encouragingly, perhaps. But you know what a fellow feels, old man.

"When the envelope came from the jury, I carried it around with me all day before I opened it. Then I went into my bedroom, sat down on the bed, thought of my mother and the princess, tore it open—The picture was accepted!"

Thompson leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, looking at the floor. He was silent for a moment, and when he again spoke his voice, which had become animated, was soft again.

"For a while," he said, "it seemed as though my dreams were coming true. The picture attracted attention. I had entitled it, 'Portrait of Mlle. —,' but all the newspapers knew who it was. It was the Princess de Z—. And after I had read this, I shut

myself up in my studio and waited. I simply waited. I knew something would happen. I didn't know whether it was going to be what I had hoped for or not. Reaction had set in, and I was a bit morbid, now exalted, now depressed.

"I was waiting for the call. My studio was ready. I had done no cooking in it for a month. It was cleaned to the last degree. I had arranged all the properties to the best effect—tapestries, arms, spinning wheels—finished the half-finished work. At last I did receive a call.

"One rainy day there was a jingle of harness outside and then a knock at my door. I waited a weak and quaking minute, then went and opened. It wasn't the princess, but there was the old lady I had so often seen with her. This time she was accompanied by a distinguished looking old man in black. They came in and sat down. They went straight to the business of the picture, the old lady doing most of the talking. They wondered how I had painted it. They admired it. In fact, they greatly desired to purchase it, as they had no other recent portrait of their niece, etc., etc.

"I listened to all this in a daze. I scarcely heard them. What I wanted to know was what she thought of the picture, and why, oh! why hadn't she come. So I took my courage in my hands at last and blurted out some such question—whether the princess had seen it, whether she liked it.

"And, Billy, the old man looked at me in a strange, dumbfounded sort of way and said: '*Mon dieu, Monsieur*, haven't you heard? The princess died last week.'"



## RYTHM OF THE UNIVERSE

BY C. W. SALEEBY.

SUCH is our standpoint in Time. If we look before and after, such are the periods of our vision. The wave-length of the great Vibration is the distance between two nebulae. As the course of certain comets is from sun to sun, from star to star, so the rhythm of Universal History, the strides of Eternity, are from nebula to nebula. Between two nebulae are we at this hour; from one have we come, to another must we return. From one have we been evolved, towards another shall be our devotion. And that we may celebrate the coming of our ephemeral races to such high knowledge—knowledge which in this century we may and must at last accept as part of Truth—let us look to what has been and what shall be; remembering that the history of our brief system is doubtless that of all.

Long ago in that distant part of infinite space whence the solar system as a whole is now traveling at a speed of something like twelve miles in each second of time, there met in fierce collision two stars, old and dark and cold, mutually compelled by that force of gravity which acted then as now, and which was to reveal its governance by simple but inexorable law to the distant product of that clash of worlds whom we call Isaac Newton. The kinetic energy of those rapid stars was converted in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, into heat so great that their substance was dissipated into a cloud of gas of almost infinite tenuity. This cloud of gas we may call the solar nebula. In it Newton and Laplace and Shakespeare and Beethoven were potential. There needed not a touch of the creating hand nor a glance of the foreseeing eye that they should emerge from its spacious womb. Such is Evolution; such the grandeur of the Divine Method.

At first the solar nebula was a vast chaos such as the nebula in Orion, though on a much larger scale,

presents to our gaze to-day; but, though "without form and void" (if one may transfer a phrase from Genesis), its very ions and electrons were in motion. And so subtly did they move that at a late day there was formed a philosopher named Laplace; by whose genius it was conceived that from this tenebrous commotion he and we are come.

Of the nebulae, numbering about one hundred and twenty thousand, that are known to sublunary astronomers, or those of our local race, about one-half present features which lead us to regard them as in a relatively late stage of evolution. Chaos is beginning in them to yield to order. These sixty thousand we call spiral nebulae, and the proportion of their number to the whole—no less than one to two—is alone sufficient to put their formation out of the region of chance. Though the first spiral nebula to be discovered was not seen until Lord Rosse had built his great telescope, we know already that, next to the fixed star, the spiral nebula is the most important and the most characteristic object in the whole heavens. The great nebula in Andromeda, however, which he discovered, remains without a parallel for its size. It is demonstrable by the infallible processes of mathematics that a nebula of any shape must necessarily become spiral. This is a deduction from the law of the "Conservation of Momentum." As the nebula radiates its enormous but sparsely-scattered store of heat into the cold of intersidereal space—a cold which is the absolute zero, or about—273 degrees Centigrade—it needs must shrink, and its molecules tend to arrange themselves in certain planes, of which one is the most frequented and is called the principal plane. In the course of æons all these planes attract one another and resolve themselves into the principal plane. A flat object is thus formed, the particles of which are revolving nearly all in one direction around the center of gravity of the whole (this similarity of direction being conditioned by the same law of the conservation of momentum), and the plane in which all the particles lie was precisely determined from the first by the paths of the two dead suns from which the nebula was formed.

The chaotic nebulae—the infants—are entirely gaseous. Sir William Huggins placed a spectroscope in the last inch or so of a beam of light that had left such a nebula years before, and found it to consist of brilliant lines; in other words, to be the discontinuous spectrum characteristic of a true gas. Otherwise we could not be sure that such nebulae are not clusters of stars too faint for our telescopes to make discrete to our eyes. The same observer further showed that the spiral nebulae, in which the matter is denser in some places than in others, have a continuous spectrum comparable to that of sunlight. In other words, they are beginning to solidify. The spiral nebula is composed of more or less solid bodies separated by a rare and ever rarer gas. These solid bodies, in the case of our own nebula, are now planets. In the stupendous nebula in Andromeda, the more solid portions will probably be resolved into the individual stars of a cluster.

The central portion of the solar nebula we call to-day the sun. Prof. Turner, of Oxford, in his courteous and crushing reply in the *Fortnightly Review* to Dr. A. R. Wallace's article on "Man's Place in the Universe," considers that the shrinking of our nebula is sufficient to account for the sun's heat. This source alone, however, would allow the sun a period of power so short—twenty-four millions of years—as to be incompatible with the facts of geological time. Now it can be demonstrated by the theory of "irrational numbers" that granted the stars are distributed "irrationally" or irregularly throughout space, no ray

of sunlight can escape to infinity. Sooner or later each ray must be intercepted by some star, *and utilized by it*. We have revealed here an astounding commonwealth of energy. For if this be true of sunlight, it is likewise true of the light of every star. Each contributes to and is itself aided by the energy radiant from all the others. This is the cosmic illustration of the golden rule. Here is free trade indeed. And when our sun was far larger than he is now, his greater area enabled him to arrest proportionately more starlight—of which we are at this hour the beneficiaries.

What then does the future hold? It is as certain as the past. Science is the only veritable fortune-teller. Our system is daily parting with and degrading its finite store of energy. . . . Candidly, I have not the heart to continue. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "Pulvis et Umbra," where, in my opinion, his genius is at its height, has given us all philosophy in words which are beyond my praise. Yet I must add the sequel that is also a prelude. In time to come we believe that the solar nebula of yesterday, the solar system of to-day, will have been resolved into one cold and shrivelled mass, the common tomb of our sun and all his planets and their satellites. This dark to-be, uncrawled upon by organic life, undisturbed by even molecular activities, can be not even then "stable in desolation." It will live again. Give it but the consuming embrace of such another world, and a new nebula will be born, new in time, alien in place, yet formed of the same imperishable substance as the old. Such, as we see it from between two nebulae, that which was and that which is to be, is the rhythm of the Universe. Nor is it the least of its wonders that to us, "vital putrescence of the dust" of a weary satellite of a dying sun should a scroll so sempiternal be unfolded. "Surely not all in vain."



### DANÆ

BY WALTER HEADLAM.

(From *Simonides*.)

**A** DRIFT in the carven ark, by the winds  
And the rising waves dismayed,  
Her pale cheek wet with falling tears,  
Round Perseus, faint with shuddering fears,  
The mother's arm she laid;

Saying, "O my child, what pain I suffer,  
And thou still slumberest!  
Here in the dismal rivetted ark,  
In the rayless night, in the pitchy dark,  
Sleep heaves thine infant breast.

"Wash of the racing wave goes past  
Above thy silken hair;  
Yet neither of wave nor bellowing blast  
Thou hast any heed or care,  
In mantle of crimson warm and fast,  
Little face, how sweet and fair!

"But had this fear been fear indeed  
And fearful in thy mind,  
Then to my voice with listening heed  
Had thy small ear inclined . . .

"Sleep on then, O my baby, sleep,  
And sleep, thou Sea;  
Rested in sleep, I pray, at length  
My infinite sorrow be.  
O Father in Heaven, vouchsafe erelong  
Change to be shown from thee;  
And if my too bold hopes be wrong,  
O Lord God, pardon me!"

—From *London Saturday Review*

## SILAS' O'ERLEAPING AMBITION

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

**S**O old Captain Moffat left Mexico City and came to San Diego. But the strange part of this is that Silas Wire accompanied him; that Silas bought a hotel (which the tourists never patronized); and that Silas took care of the captain in it, and watched his declining days with sly, mild, yet glittering, eye.

A curious affair, that of the captain with Mme. Tala, of Mexico. She was fourth cousin of the Emperor Iturbide. Why, she was royal!—having inherited titles and estates. The captain fought for Maximilian, and loved Mme. Tala, which love she returned; but, of course, for imaginary, dead, and theoretical reasons of state, the captain could never marry the heiress to those defunct imperial names. So the love became a long, long platonic one; and now they were both old.

To the astonishment of the whole clerical party, she announced that she had willed her immense fortune to Captain Moffat, for she had no children. Yes, the captain, quite as absorbed in the Catholic Church as she, could be trusted to use that wealth when she was dead (for she was older even than he, and feeble) for the church's benefit and the clerical party. Who knew?—if others should follow her example, Diaz and his upstarts might yet be laid low.

So eager was she to leave incredible sums to her platonic lover, and thence, through him, to the priests, that she was even embroiling her last years with a terrible lawsuit to recover a portion of the estate once deeded away. For Mme. Tala's mother, in a fit of benevolence, had long ago parted with the convent garden on San Andres Street to certain relatives. American business now made that convent garden trebly valuable, and already it was cut up into business blocks. Plainly the deeding of it away was illegal; and Mme. Tala was fighting furiously in the courts, with her last breath, to get it back so that she might leave that, too, to Captain Moffat and the church.

Her lawyer, cold, white-faced Bernabé, that patrician, Spanish specimen with the pointed black beard, perceived that Captain Moffat was too shrewd to be allowed to remain on the ground. A woman you can work; incredible fees can be wormed out of a woman; and her passions were such that she was always ready to embroil herself further; which meant more fees. Bernabé saw long years of rich litigation stretching before him—if only he could remove the too shrewd councils of the captain, her protector.

This accounts for his coolly bribing the doctors, in the captain's last illness, to recommend San Diego, whose California climate is mild, marine. Ah—just what the captain must have, lest he die!

His illness so scared the captain that he fell into the net; and Silas Wire was instigated by Bernabé to take the old gentleman north. Silas had failed in his hotel in Mexico. Silas had proved himself, nevertheless, suave and capable; and his influence over Moffat (who had boarded with him) was enormous. So Silas happened to sell his hotel about that time, and remove to San Diego; and the captain chanced to jump at the opportunity to remove thither also, and live in the little new hostelry which Wire now opened on Coronado Beach.

Strange that the captain's funds after that always ran so low; and that the little doled out to him from Mme. Tala's embroiled estate was never enough to permit his return to Mexico!

"That climate would kill you," murmured Wire, rubbing his long hands together, in the captain's room. "Wire! Wire!" cried the haggard old man, raising

his trembling arm, "death has got me anyhow! Look at me—deserted—broken—sinking into the grave. I'll die before her yet. O that money! And me—me—Wire, look at this threadbare coat; and millions waiting for me yonder. Silas, you are my only friend."

Silas smiled that feline smile.

"While I live," he said, gazing blandly around on the bare room, "you shall never want for comfort."

The captain stared out of a window into the night. Yonder the fantastic Hotel del Coronado lifted its peaks; yonder beat the sea on the sand; and the music of an orchestra came floating faintly from the luxurious spot to the prospective millionaire's unlovely quarters. The feeble old man began to weep.

"Wire, somebody else will get that money. And they will not give it to the blessed church. I am dying—and Mme. Tala's wealth will be scattered to the winds!"

Now Wire fastened his glistening eyes on Moffat, and put his soft, cold hand on the captain's palsied one. "Captain Moffat," said he, "I am unworthy of the trust. But somebody can be found. Make your will now, and leave the wealth to some trusted friend to do with it as you say."

The captain's eyes were completely conquered. He stared; he trembled, withered as he was with age. Never yet had he been able to stand Wire's gaze. Now he cried out: "I have contemplated that a long time. Ah me! I have longed for such a trusted friend. What can I do with that money? It drives me mad. Even if she dies next week (Wire, they say she is very ill), I may live but a week longer, and have no chance to dispose of it. Silas," he clutched at Wire's coat and pulled Wire's face up close to his, "Silas, you are my only friend! Promise me—Oh, now let me trust it to you. I don't know what else to do with it, Wire. I am a lonely old man—why, Wire, I don't know what else to do."

And the captain waved his hand all round with decrepit wildness, and then cried like a baby.

Now while the iron was hot, Wire struck. Suddenly before the captain there were pen, paper and ink; and there, too, were Silas' insinuating smile, fawning suavity, long hands rubbing one another.

"Unworthy as I am, Captain Moffat, I can not withstand the request of a dying man. And I pledge the everlasting life of my soul to spend that money as you have directed."

"But wait," cried the captain, clutching at him again, "one thing more!"

"Whatever you say," wheedled Wire.

"If she wins this suit," cried Moffat, "it will make a half-million more. That you shall use," the captain's mind seemed wavering here, "to erect statues of Iturbide in every city of the land."

"Certainly," breathed Wire, "I promise."

Then the captain, as though in despair and yet weeping like a child, wrote his will and gave everything to Wire.

Silas' eyes watched each mark, then saw the captain totter to a trunk and put the will away; after which Silas leaned back with a long, comfortable sigh. This little scene was the culmination of three months of labor. Strange how Wire's mind had conquered at last. And now for the first time came to him the thought of poisoning Moffat, if Mme. Tala died, that he might not change his will.

The fourth day of Wire's silent exultation was broken by the unexpected arrival of Bernabé from Mexico. The white face, accustomed to sneer, with its carefully trimmed black beard, suddenly appeared in the dining-room, where there was no guest, nor any wanted, only Wire by himself. They went up together to see Captain Moffat and sat down in his room, whose windows gave view over some lawns with palm trees, out to the beach and the big hotel on the one side,



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and down to the ostrich farm on the other. The sun came streaming in through the windows and showed the captain, exhausted, fallen into a chair.

"Mme. Tala is very ill," said Bernabé, coldly; "she will die. Her will made to you, Captain Moffat, she declares unalterable. But now she threatens to withdraw from the suit for the convent garden."

"And why!—death of my soul—a half a million!" cried Moffat, while Wire's still eyes rested on Bernabé.

Bernabé's face was contemptuous.

"Who knows?" he said, briefly; "some trick of conscience. I have exhausted my powers of persuasion. We can win—yet now, nearing her death, she gives up. Captain Moffat alone can influence her." He turned his gaze on Wire. "So to Captain Moffat I came, to beg of him to return to Mexico with me, to persuade her."

Bernabé's face, hiding its fears of incredible fees lost, was like a mask of some Medici. Up started Captain Moffat, staggering.

"But I have no money; I have no strength!" he cried in a broken mixture of joy and despair.

"I shall advance you the sum," said Bernabé, brief and to the point.

Now Wire, seeing the captain sliding through his hands, fearing that, under Bernabé's control, Moffat would divulge the secret of his will, came forward in soft struggle with the lawyer.

"The captain could never stand the journey," murmured Silas, with an anxious face.

"I will! I will!" cried Moffat, seeming to have lost his mind; and then, as though to prove once for all that Wire was right, he reeled across the room in an excess of eagerness, lost himself, ejaculated gutturally, and fell without warning prone on the floor.

Wire, exultant, sprang thither and put the captain upon his bed, where he lay almost unconscious. Some faint suspicion darkened Bernabé's face; but Wire had won; Wire held the prey. They gazed at one another.

"I see," said Bernabé, faintly sneering, faintly bitter; "he could not stand the trip. The litigation will have to cease."

And Bernabé went back to Mexico.

The captain but partially recovered; for he was indeed nearing his death. At times he could grope about

his room, and much did he mutter of his will. The days were anxious, unendurable, to Wire. For what if the captain changed his mind? Once Moffat had even cried out, in the night, at the very hour when Wire had stealthily entered his room to see if the will were still intact: "I will tear it up!"

This so terrified Wire that the long growing evil of his nature now crystallized into crime. Why—the captain would die in a few short weeks, anyhow; and Silas had learned that Mme. Tala was already on her death bed, though Moffat knew it not. What sin to hasten Moffat's dissolution? Death was inevitable; and a few days more or less of misery were naught to this wreck. No, it is no sin, Silas!

Quickly that brown powder dissolved in the captain's coffee every morning; and Wire, assiduous as ever, always brought the cup in his own hand. No; no; this was not poisoning the captain. This was only assisting death a little—relieving the captain of a few of his wretched days. Moffat very soon grew so weak that it would have been impossible for him to write a will; and there in the trunk, where Silas saw it every night, lay the one that would make him rich.

The paper said that Mme. Tala, last of that branch of the family of Iturbide, could live but a day. Here they were, the old-time lovers, relics of the imperial past, dying so many hundreds of miles apart; one watched by the Spanish, one by the Anglo-Saxon bird of prey.

Then, Mme. Tala died. The paper spoke of her grand funeral, attended by all the great of Mexico, in the beautiful church of La Profesa. Great wealth was there—but here the captain, unable to read news any more, lay in poverty.

Her death seemed to cause some soul-disturbance in him. These last days he was restless, wild. He cried out, from his pillow, desperate things about his wealth, and the changing of his will. And Wire, terrified lest even yet the old man might arise and destroy the paper, and knowing that Bernabé would come treading in some day to pry with his cold eyes into everything—Wire grew desperate.

To-day the quantity of brown powder was doubled. All afternoon the captain lay moaning; and Wire pale, stood and glared out of the window. Yonder rose Florence Heights; yonder stretched the sea; yonder across the bay rose Point Loma and, against

the blue sky, the distant buildings of the Universal Brotherhood.

That night, with a loud cry, Captain Moffat suddenly came to the threshold of his death. Into his room ran Silas in a night-gown, hollow-eyed.

"Wire! Wire!" shrieked the dying warrior, then fell back, and mumbled, "Iturbide," and died.

He was buried soon, and quietly.

Now, the hotel being quite empty, and Silas engaged in packing a trunk, in walked Bernabé, tired from his three days' ride from Mexico.

"We will search for his will," said Bernabé.

They did, and found it.

"I have also," said Bernabé, with a curl of his fine lips, 'a copy of Mme. Tala's. Let us read them both.

They sat down on opposite sides of the dining-table, where there was no cloth, nor any dishes; and Bernabé opened Captain Moffat's will.

"All my property, both personal and real, I leave to Silas Wire to be his forever," said that instrument in effect.

Slowly Bernabé's eyes were raised to Wire's. Wire answered them with the glittering gaze of his own; for Silas was full of the exultation of the conqueror. They were both white; and Bernabé's face still sneered, with the kind of sneer that burns. Then, after some long minutes, the lawyer smiled; his smile was strange.

"Let us read Mme. Tala's," said he; and this was the substance of her will:

"All my property, personal and real, I leave to Captain Franklin Moffat on one condition. We have sinned in fighting through the courts my relatives. On my death bed I do bitterly repent. I have renounced the suit for the convent garden and have written with my own hand a full apology to my relatives and plea for forgiveness. And I do now make Captain Moffat my heir solely on this one condition, that he do likewise write with his own hand, and send to them, as atonement for the sin of our cupidity, a like apology, renunciation of the suit, and plea for forgiveness. In case he fail so to do, I bequeath to the church, through my old friend Father Ignacio Echegaray, all my property, save one hundred thousand dollars in cash, now in the Banco de Londres y Mejico, which I do then bestow upon Sr. Don Juan Bernabé, my trusted attorney."

And Silas' face grew gray.

From the Argonaut.

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### NEW BOOKS

Admirers of the late Frank R. Stockton will welcome the publication of his posthumous novel, entitled "The Captain's Toll-Gate." The story is complete. It is preceded by a memorial sketch of the talented author by Mrs. Marian E. Stockton. The heroine, "Olive Asher," is a most lovable girl. She is of healthy, pure sentiment. She is not what is often contemptuously referred to nowadays as "the new woman." Her heart is strong, yet girlish. Her words and deeds ring true. The scenes of the tale are laid in Washington and West Virginia. It is a story of the present time. It abounds in Mr. Stockton's quaintness of humor, and is written in his characteristically clear and finished style. Mr. Stockton's place in American literature is assured. While he cannot be regarded as a great writer, he was the next best—a good writer. As Mrs. Stockton truly says, "his stories are, in great part, a reflex of himself. The bright outlook on life; the courageous spirit; the helpfulness; the sense of the comic rather than the tragic; the love of domestic life; the sweetness of pure affection, live in his books as they lived in himself. He had not the heart to make his stories end unhappily. He knew that there is much of the tragic in human lives, but he chose to ignore it as far as possible, and to walk in the pleasant ways which are numerous in this tangled world. There is much philosophy underlying a good deal that he wrote, but it has to be looked for; it is not insistent and is never morbid. He could not write an impure word, or express an impure thought, for he belonged to the 'pure in heart,' who, we are assured, 'shall see God.'" The volume contains a fine frontispiece portrait of the author. Binding and typing merit special praise. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

If you wish to know what life in Paris is, read F. Berkley Smith's latest book, entitled "How Paris Amuses Itself." It is worth reading. It gives you the inside facts, dished up in a style to make them most delectable. Mr. Smith knows what he is talking about. He has been there. He does not speak from hearsay. He is strictly au fait. He has the knack of seeing, understanding and describing well. Withal, he is a Bohemian himself. In this book we are introduced to life on the boulevards, in the theaters and cabarets, gardens, music-halls and the quiet little supper-rooms. We are made to see the frolicsome life of Paris in all its protean phases. The book is profusely illustrated with one hundred and thirty-five striking pictures by the author and several prominent French artists, including Galaniz, Sancha, Cardona, Sunyer, Michael, Perenet, Pezilla and others. There are also many photographs from life. The book is just the thing for the tourist-season. It is elegantly bound and printed. Price \$1.50 net. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

Among the profusely illustrated articles in the June number of "The International Studio" we note the following: "The Art of the late Giovanni Costa," by Olivia Rossetti Agresti; Domestic Architecture at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition; "Jacob Christopher Le Blon and His Three-Color Prints," by Dr. Hans W. Singer, and "Some Experiments in Embroidery," by M. H. Baillie Scott. The number contains five full-page color plates, also one mezzo-tint. There is the usual interesting "Studio Talk" from all the art centers of the world. This high-class, progressive publication will soon devote considerable space to art developments in the United States. John Lane, 67 Fifth avenue, New York.

"A Daughter of Thespis," by John D. Barry, is a love-story of the ordinary kind. It runs along smoothly, is made up of the usual sort of vicissitudes which lovers have the habit of undergoing, at least in fiction, and ends in an agreeable

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manner. There are some passages of dialogue that are decidedly clever and redeem the book from sheer commonplaceness. As indicated by the title, theatrical life and folk are quite prominent in the book. Mr. Barry's story is a good time-killer. It is published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Helen Milman is the authoress of "My Kalendar of Country Delights," a book in which she writes of gardens, flowers, birds and books, and gives us a wealth of pertinent quotations from her favorite authorities. "For my Kalendar," she says in the preface, "I have spent hours, days, weeks, in searching among books which are rare, and not easily read, so that to those who have not time, nor inclination to search for themselves, I may reveal hidden delights and buried joys." It is a decidedly unique volume. It should prove a source of delight to lovers of gardens and of nature in general. While the author's own thoughts are neither original nor profound, they are, nevertheless, well worth reading. They reflect a most feeling appreciation of Nature's beauties and wonders. The predominating note throughout the book is one of pensive cheerfulness. The world is so beautiful, and it affords us so many real pleasures, that we must love it. It would be a dull world, we are told, "if every one took things seriously, and flew backwards and forwards to the hive making honey for other people to eat, and had no time to bask in the sunshine or even to admire the flowers from whence we get the honey." The book is artistically illustrated. Published by John Lane, New York.

Nine splendid full-page portraits (accompanied by appreciative comments) of the Pope, Lord Salisbury, Herbert Spencer, Lord Kelvin, the Emperor of Austria, Senator Hoar, Dr. Hale, Henrik Ibsen and Goldwin Smith—are contained in the June number of the "Booklovers' Magazine." The portraits are in tint. Among the interesting literary features, we note an editorial on British Journalism by Isaac N. Ford, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune. There is an abundance of miscellaneous matter, all of timely interest and well selected. Published by the Booklovers' Magazine, 1323 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers of "The Sins of a Saint," by J. R. Aitken. It is an interesting historical romance which the pages of this volume unfold to us. The scenes are laid in the England of the times of the Anglo-Saxon kings. The times are stormy and bloody. Lord Chancellor Dunstan is fighting against King Eadwin. The haughty Dunstan aspires to supremacy in the realm. He strives to overawe and to rule the king in the name of the church. "Carried away by his ambition, he became unscrupulous for power, and stained his hands with innocent blood." He stands charged with the crime of having caused the cruel death of Queen Elgiva. After the king's death on the battlefield, Dunstan failed to attain his goal. The new king proved more than a match for him, and the ambitious prelate was compelled to retire to the solitude of a monastery, where he died, lonely, hated and forgotten. It is a stirring tale—just the thing to delight lovers of this sort of romance. It is hardly necessary to add that love plays an important part in the narrative. The volume is neatly bound and printed. Price \$1.50.

The June number of the "Impressions Quarterly" contains a scholarly-written and instructive article by Professor A. T. Murray, on "Translations from the Greek Drama." Taken as a whole, Professor Murray opines, the English student of Greek drama is badly off. "A real desideratum is a series of translations, as adequate as may be, of at least a fair number of representative plays, with a

brief commentary and with introductory essays containing sympathetic and, at the same time, discriminating criticism." In the current number we likewise note "Some American Lyrics," by Alfred A. Wheeler, and "Genroku—The Golden Era of Romance and Art," by Dora Amsden. The "Impressions Quarterly" appeals to readers of cultivated taste. Its contents are selected with discriminative care. It teaches and entertains. It stands for brains, for independent thought, clearly and vigorously expressed. There is more real brain-matter in one of its pages than there is in fifty of some of the monthly popular vulgarities. Paul Elder & Co., 238 Post street, San Francisco, Cal., are the publishers.

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John Burroughs, the poet-scientist, is a bachelor. Before he started with President Roosevelt a friend suggested to him that perhaps in an outing with the President a discussion of race suicide would lead Mr. Burroughs to the "higher life." Burroughs smiled. "One thing in 'natural history,'" he retorted, "has never failed to impress me, and that is that stalk-eyed crustacean Homarus Americanus, the American lobster, sometimes has as many as one hundred thousand offspring in a single season."—Troy Press.

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GENTLE AMERICANS

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

After five years of joint labor, Mrs. H. D. Pittman, editor, and Mrs. R. K. Walker, manager, have the satisfaction of presenting to their subscribers a volume unique in itself and one that marks an epoch in the art of book-making in Saint Louis. One knowing its history cannot but surmise that the book printed, bound and stamped—a finished work—is as much a surprise to its creators as it will prove a gratification to its subscribers, for the volume, as seen in the mind's eye of its editor, was a very different affair from the large and handsome book which lies before the writer. That was to be a little volume of local interest, something that a few old St. Louis families would like to preserve as a record of birth and ancient traditions for their children and grandchildren. This, bears a sub-title, "A Genealogical Encyclopedia," and is numbered "Vol. 1," which goes to show that when one begins to wander in a few paths of the genealogical maze, he knows not where he will wind up, for there is nothing which opens up a more complicated and wider range of possibilities than genealogical research. It is the story of the Race, reaching out from family to family, from country to country, until he who stands in the light of the Twentieth Century comprehends the mysterious morning of tradition's dawn as he realizes that of his own blood were they who, in that dim half-light, were factors in destinies that they knew not of, builders of empires of which they had not dreamed.

There is a fascination, all its own, in this matter of family research; one begins with a jest, that deepens into serious consideration as he discovers surprise after surprise in the lines of other families that cross and intermingle with his own, and as traditions come to light and he catches himself glimpsing the wonderful secrets of heredity, he goes on and on until the spell has bound him and it is hard indeed to shake it off. One can see, in every word of the proem, that Mrs. Pittman was well "under the spell" and much in love with her work, and that beyond and above any "society fad" for ancestral distinction is the reverence for those who have "left to their descendants the heritage of a good name," the recognition of that spirit of noblesse oblige which every man who lives well and does something for his time, his country and his generation, must leave behind him in the trust of those who follow him. One cannot be good and great without becoming an inspiration to those who are blood of his blood, and it is something to know that one is born to the responsibility.

And so it is well, outside of any transitory and personal concern, that books like these are evolved, but when one grasps in this work the extent to which a modest ambition for "a little volume of local interest" has grown, one wonders where it will end. We see the family lines of substantial, unassuming citizens traced back to royal blood, and we know that there are thousands, bearing the "grand old name of gentleman," whose lineage has not been attempted. "Vol. 1" is wisely put; this genealogical snow-ball is likely to gather unto itself many volumes more.

Typographically, St. Louis, as represented by Buxton & Skinner, has "done itself proud;" print, paper and binding are what they should be, and the list of typographical errors is small when one considers the scope and character of the work. The emblazoned coats-of-arms are beautifully striking, and the numerous portraits scattered through the volume are exquisitely finished. All in all, it is a book that has a future and whose present success is assured. When we think of how we treasure the scraps of manuscript, and the few time-stained pages that link us with the generations of the past, we can see that long after this book has ceased to interest us, long after we and ours have passed into

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silence, there will be those to whom its value, as we value it now, is but as a bauble to its worth, increased a thousand fold with the lapse of generations.

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His Friend—Can't you come out and take dinner with us this evening?

Mr. Makinbrakes—Thanks, awfully, old man, but it wouldn't be worth the trouble. I mean, of course, the dinner wouldn't be—that is, it wouldn't be worth the trouble to get up a dinner for me, because I'm—I'm so busy, you know,

and all that, you see, that it wouldn't be—in fact, I don't see how I could spare the—have a cigar, old man?—Chicago Tribune.

Mother—You say your husband no longer spends his evenings at the club? Daughter—I soon broke him of that. Mother—How did you manage?

Daughter—Before going to bed I put two easy-chairs close together by the parlor fire, and then held a match to a cigar until the room got a faint odor of smoke.—New York Weekly.



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### SOCIETY

Not the least of the surprises to the smart set last week was the informal announcement of the engagement of Miss Virginia Wright, daughter of Mr. V. B. Wright, of Cabanne, and Mr. George W. Simmons, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Simmons. Miss Wright, who is very winsome and attractive, has had many admirers since she made her debut a year ago, and it is only of late that rumor forecast the happy event. The marriage will not occur till autumn.

Informally also is the engagement of Miss Carrie Howard, daughter of Mrs. K. M. Howard, of Vandeventer place, and Mr. George Steedman, son of Dr. and Mrs. I. G. W. Steedman. The wedding will take place this month, but will be exceedingly quiet on account of the deep mourning observed by Miss Howard's family, in which a number of deaths have recently occurred.

The weddings of the week are many, the principal nuptial events being that of Miss Daisy Aull and Mr. Guilford Duncan, Miss Barbara Blackman and Mr. David O'Neill, and Miss Mildred Bell and Mr. Daniel Alexander O'Gorman.

Miss Aull and Mr. Duncan will be married this evening at the Second Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. S. J. Niccolls, officiating. The pretty bride has chosen the modest daisy for the decorative scheme of church and home. Miss Aull will have her sister for maid of honor, and Mr. Duncan will be served by Mr.

Ch. Fillibe as best man. The bridesmaids will be Miss Bertha Blackwelder, Miss Fanita Duncan and Miss Zoe Cole, of Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Duncan's ushers and groomsmen are Messrs. Floyd McDonald, of Kansas City, Norman Bartlett, of Chicago, Frank Ellis, Duncan Dean and Robert Aull. A large reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aull, in Westminster place, will follow the church ceremony. Immediately after this Mr. and Mrs. Duncan will leave for New York and the Eastern resorts. Upon their return they will be located at Pechman's until their new house is ready, which will be presented to them by Mr. Duncan's father.

On Tuesday evening Miss Mildred Bell was married to Mr. David Alexander O'Gorman, of Manchester, England, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Jas. W. Bell, in Lucas avenue. Rev. Dr. W. Short, of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, officiated. Mrs. Walter Graham Hall, of Little Rock, Ark., served Miss Bell as matron of honor. Dr. Otto Ball was Mr. O'Gorman's only attendant. The reception which followed the ceremony was informal. Mr. and Mrs. O'Gorman left for New York, from which point they sail for England the latter part of the week. Upon their return from their honeymoon they will reside in New York.

The Metzger-Gehner wedding is set for to-night at 6 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. August Gehner, in Lindell boulevard. Rev. Dr. S. J. Niccolls will also be the officiating clergyman at this ceremony. A reception from seven to eight o'clock will follow, relatives and intimate friends only having been bidden to this. Mr. and Mrs. Metzger will spend their honeymoon in Europe.

Miss Barbara Blackman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman, of Cabanne, one of the most distinguished belles of the last two seasons, was married to Mr. David O'Neill on Wednesday afternoon at the home of her parents. Rev. Father Conway, S. J., was the officiating clergyman. A charming reception followed the ceremony, during which Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill set out on their wedding journey, which takes them to Europe.

Another wedding of note, on Wednesday evening, was that of Mr. Arthur Kurtzeborn and Miss Gerak, youngest sister of Mrs. Kingsbury Busch. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride by Rev. Dr. Newton, of the Presbyterian Church. Miss Laura Kurtzeborn and Mr. Walter Gerak were the only attendants upon bride and groom. A wedding dinner was served after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Kurtzeborn left, the same evening, for New York and the Eastern resorts.

Miss Josephine Gillespie, daughter of Mrs. Irene Gillespie, of Tuxedo Park, was married to Mr. William J. Beattie, of Webster Groves, at the home of the bride, on Wednesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Beattie are now on their wedding journey.

Later June weddings are those of Miss Josephine Lodge and Mr. Frank Hemingway, of London, England, who have set their date for June 17; Miss Virginia Richardson and Mr. Elon A. Dearing, of Mexico, Mo., who have chosen the same date, and Miss Learned, daughter of Mrs. L. W. Learned, of Waverly place, and Dr. A. E. Taussig. The latter ceremony will be quietly performed at the Church of the Unity on the South Side.

The marriage of Miss Louise Price, the charming daughter of Mrs. Dora D. Price, to Mr. Archer C. Britt, will be solemnized at the Church of the Holy Communion, Wednesday evening, the 17th instant, at nine o'clock. The groom-to-be is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Britt, of 4728 Hammett place.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Bascom have just returned from a Western trip, on which they were absent for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Spencer, of Westminster place, will sojourn at Old Orchard, Maine, during the summer months.

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Mrs. Charles E. Ware and her daughter, Eloise, have announced that they will not return from Europe till the latter part of October.

Mr. William D. Waters, formerly of St. Louis, was in the city for a few days, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Greeg, of West Pine boulevard. He returned to his home at Alberine, Va., last Sunday.

Mrs. William H. Waters has closed her house in Washington, D. C., and is summing with her son, Mr. W. D. Waters, at Alberine.

Mrs. Harry B. Hawes and children will be the guests for the summer of Mrs. Hawes' mother, Mrs. Robinson, of Washington, D. C., at the latter's beautiful country home near Charlottesville, Va. Mrs. Robinson has been visiting her daughter for a fortnight.

Mr. Harry B. Hawes will make a flying trip to Europe with Mr. August E. Busch early in July, meeting Mrs. Hawes upon his return, at Charlottesville.

Mrs. Russell E. Harding, formerly of the Southern Hotel, is now located in her beautiful new home in Lindell boulevard, which Mr. Harding has purchased for her.

Mrs. Lacy Crawford is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Frank E. Roth, of New York. The Roths will be in the city for a few weeks.

Mrs. Julius Walsh is in New York prior to her departure for Biddeford Pool, Me., where the Walshes have decided to spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Stanard have just returned from their California journey.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Little have removed to their beautiful new country home at Clayton.

After the theater, before the matinee  
or when down town shopping, the

### Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel,

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appointments, its superior cuisine  
and service and refined patronage.

Mr. and Mrs. LaPrelle, of Washington terrace, have their daughter, Mrs. Presley Allen, of Cooper, Texas, again with them, as the Texas climate doesn't agree with her. She will spend the summer with them at the fashionable resorts East.

Mrs. David R. Calhoun's reception on Saturday afternoon to the Jefferson Chapter, D. A. R., was the leading society event of last week. Mrs. Calhoun had arranged a delightful programme of music and recitation, as well as a dainty collation. Among Mrs. Calhoun's guests were Mes. Winthrop Chappell, George H. Shields, E. R. Howard, Jesse L. Battie, B. T. Whitmore, S. M. Green and J. T. McCormick.

He—If I stole a kiss, would it be petty larceny? She—I think it would be grand. Doubtless. There are, however, other very "nice" somethings. A pair of Swope's shoes, for instance, are quite the nicest things obtainable in the shoe line. Swope's shoes are best; best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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## SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European acts that were ever brought to this country for his vaudeville at Forest Park Highlands. Nearly every one of these acts has never been seen in St. Louis before. The Montrose troupe of artists at the Highlands this week is a sample of the rare excellence of programme to be in vogue throughout the season. Next week's bill includes the great De Blerie, a European conjurer and man of Mystery, who is new in St. Louis, and for that matter in the West. Paros Brothers, gymnasts, come under the head of novelties, and Elsie Fay, the most charming of New York's burlesquers and singers, makes her debut in vaudeville at the Highlands next Sunday. Elsie Fay is a second Marie Dressler, only much younger and prettier than the famous Dressler. Other good cards of lesser note than these three stars are Hickey and Nelson, in "Twisted and Tangled," York and Adams, jolly Hebrew impersonators, and Elizabeth Murray, who will hold over from this week to sing a new series of plantation songs.

Large crowds continue to gather at the Suburban Garden to listen to Innes' splendid programmes. His Wagner evenings are intellectual, harmonic treats, while his "pot pourri" afternoon entertainments afford hosts of persons, not versed in classical music, pleasurable moments. Those who have not availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing this master of music should be sure to do so this week. Next attraction, "Victor," advertised as "the most perfectly formed man in the world."

The "Con-Cu-Rers," at the Delmar Garden, does not belie its name, for, judging by the enthusiastic plaudits, the auditors were quite pleasingly "conquered." Next week, pretty girls, tuneful ditties, brilliant stage-settings and really funny comedians are promised us, when Weber and Field will present that delightfully breezy light opera, "Whirl-I-Gig." Couturier's Band is drawing large crowds. He is a most capable and sympathetic leader, as his numerous well-arranged and well-rendered programmes of the past weeks attest.

Mr. Lawrence Hanley is demonstrating most convincingly the wonderful versatility accredited him in essaying with so great a degree of finesse the role "Sven-gali," in Du Maurier's "Trilby." Even Mr. Hanley's most ardent admirers were pleasingly surprised with his clever enactment of the subtle hypnotist. Miss Acton as "Trilby" was quite effective and "Taffy" and the "Laird" were in capable hands.

The students' recital given by Mrs. Carolyn Irwin Mehrling, teacher of elocution and dramatic art in the Recital Hall at the Odeon, Friday evening, June 5th, was a decided success. In lieu of scenery the stage was decorated profusely with palms, different colored lights playing as occasion required made a very pleasing effect, especially in the Fete in Flowerland, rendered by 18 little girls. The balcony scene from "Romeo and Ju-

liet," rendered by Blanche and Roy Remington, aged 5 and 7 years respectively, was the hit of the evening. These children are certainly marvels, and it was almost impossible to believe that they could render Shakespeare's lines with such perfection. They won their way completely into the hearts of the audience by the sweet conception of their parts. All the other numbers showed work far beyond the usual amateur recital and reflects much praise on the teacher. Deserving of special praise was Miss Nellie Sullivan's rendition of "Nydia, Blind Girl of Pompeii," showing true dramatic feeling and ability. Miss Pearl Nickersham, in "The Sweet Girl Graduate," was the perfection of naturalness. Miss Nellie Widman was well applauded as "Ophelia." Mrs. Horace Krake in "The Cuban Tea" caused ripples of laughter throughout the monologue. Mrs. A. Freeman, Miss Mary Armstrong, Miss Edith Davis, Miss Irma Espenhain, Miss Kathryn Higgins, Miss Ida Donnerberg, Miss Edna Teahan, Lewis Truemper, Jr., and Robert Cedarstrom all deserve special mention.



## NOBLE WORK

The Civic Improvement League will, this year, through its Open Air Playgrounds Committee, establish six playgrounds. This is three in addition to the ones operated last year. These playgrounds will be equipped in the best possible manner so as to occupy the children during the hot summer vacation and keep them off the streets. The direct results of such work to the city are almost beyond comprehension. The neighborhoods in which the playgrounds were located last year had formerly been overrun with bad boys, who made life a burden, but since the advent of these playgrounds in that locality the children are developing into good citizens and the police records show that the crime arrests usually characteristic of such neighborhoods have decreased by over one-half. The saving to the tax-payers alone is remarkable. The playgrounds are provided with free shower-baths, and every day the children, before being sent home, are given a thorough cleansing. It has been noted that the children going home in this condition are not content to see their homes in a filthy condition and they immediately set about cleaning up their homes.

A new feature of the work, this year, will be the erection of libraries on all the playgrounds. At the present time, the League has in its possession over 1,500 volumes, all catalogued. The children will be allowed to take these books to their homes.

The design of the buildings on the playgrounds will be quite a feature, as the Patent Plaster Company has volunteered to model them after some of the famous European libraries.

Saturday afternoon of this week the St. Louis Amateur Athletic Association will give a field day meet at the playgrounds in Forest Park for the benefit of these playgrounds. Entries have been received from nearly every ex-college athlete in town, and a treat is promised to those who attend.



## FURNISHED COTTAGES TO RENT.

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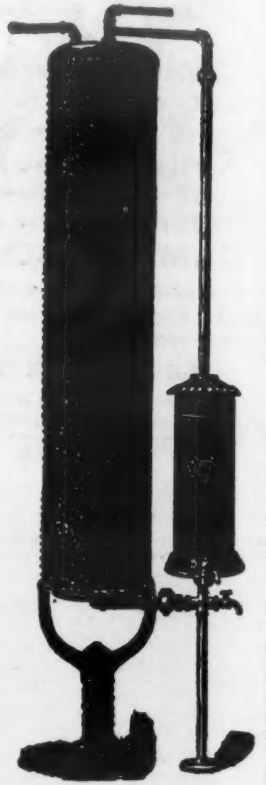
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**\$25.50 BOSTON AND RETURN**  
Christian Scientists' Meeting.  
Tickets on Sale June 25, 26 and 27.

**\$13.30 PUT-IN-BAY, O. AND RETURN**  
Tickets on sale July 25, 26 and 27.

**\$23.30 SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. AND RETURN**  
Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.  
Tickets on Sale July 5 and 6.

**\$27.50 BOSTON AND RETURN**  
National Educational Association Meeting.  
Tickets on Sale July 2, 3, 4, 5.

**\$20.25 BALTIMORE AND RETURN**  
B. P. O. E. Annual Convention.  
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## It's Such Fun



### "NO TIME FOR READING"

Mr. Andrew Lang, that most entertaining of English writers, has been taking up the cudgels against the time-honored plea, "I have no time for reading." He admits that this excuse is common, almost universal, in both sexes, but he is nevertheless of the opinion that it ought not to be entertained. In an article in "The Windsor Magazine" (London) he says:

"Pause, O youth or maiden! before you accustom your lips to this fatal formula: 'I have no time to read.' You have all the time which, for you, exists, and it is abundant. What are you doing with it---with your leisure? Mainly gossiping. Our modern malady is gregariousness. We must be in company, chattering. Observe and take warning by the dog. He is so much the friend of man that, if shut up from human society, he often neglects his natural way of passing his time (scratching himself), and utters discontented howls disturbing the vicinity. Human beings, for the moment destitute of company, do not howl, indeed, but they do not read---they avoid the instructing and amusing society of books. To be always with others, always gregarious, always chattering, like monkeys in tree-tops, is our ruling vice, and this is the reason why we have no time to read, and why you see so many people pass their leisure, when alone, in whistling, or whittling. They have time to whittle."

Mr. Lang goes on to point out that people who "have no time to read" books, read newspapers unceasingly. He writes on this subject:

"The newspaper," says Crabbe, that neglected poet, is---  
"To all men something, and to some men all."

"That was a century ago, when perhaps the rural newspaper came out only once a week. Yet some persons, even then, read nothing else. Nowadays we mark middle-aged men of leisure who pass their mornings, from breakfast to luncheon, in steadily working through every column and paragraph of the morning papers. Then they go to their club and read all the evening papers till they fall asleep. At dinner they repeat to each other what they have read; such is their idea of conversation. The 'newspaper habit' is a disease. What pleasure or profit people obtain by cramming their minds with futile details, frequently contradicted next day, a reader of books can not imagine."

"This is no new malady of the Spirit of Man. The Athenians of old possessed an ample and excellent literature. When St. Paul visited their town, the citizens (slave-owners, having all the day to themselves, untrammelled by business or

labor) might have read Homer, the dramatists, the philosophers, the lyric poets, Xenophon, Plato, the now lost works of Sappho, and many other books of merit. But they took pleasure 'in nothing but hearing or telling some new thing,' which was precisely equivalent to our reading the newspapers and gossiping about what we have read. Athens was only saved from intellectual perdition by having no printing-press and therefore no newspapers."

"We are become, in this matter, very like the Athenians, but worse. Asked if he has read a book, a man usually says: 'No, I have no time for books, but I have read a review of it in 'The Literary Rag-bag.''" Now, what is a review in "The Literary Rag-bag?" It is not a criticism. It contains a photograph of the author, a description of his 'early struggles,' an estimate of his income, an account of his home, wife, dogs, and cats, and a comment on his favorite amusements. Why has everyone time to read all these futilities about the writers of books, while not one person in a thousand has time to read the books of the writers?"

The fact is, continues Mr. Lang, that the most busy people always contrive to have time for everything. "Everybody spontaneously finds time for what his heart is in, for what he really enjoys."--Paris-American.



### NOT ON THE PROGRAMME

The elder Wallack once played in a romantic drama in which, after taking an impassioned leave of the heroine he leaped on a horse which stood just in the wings and dashed across the stage. Wallack objected to this mighty gallop, and it was therefore arranged that one of the supers, who closely resembled the actor, should make the ride. He was accordingly dressed exactly like Wallack, and sent to the theater in the afternoon to rehearse. He carried off his part well, and the stage manager departed.

But the super was not satisfied, and complained to a young member of the company who happened to be present. "Why, see here," he said, "that thing is too dead easy. A man with a wooden leg could do it with his eyes shut. I used to be in a circus. Couldn't I stand up on this here equine and do a few stunts?"

"Certainly," exclaimed the other; "that would be all right. Go ahead."

"You think the old party wouldn't object?" said the super, doubtfully.

"Object!" returned the player. "Why, he'd be tickled to death. Do it."

The evening when the critical point was reached Wallack was gratified to see his counterpart standing ready beside the horse.

"Love, good-night--good-night," cried

the hero, preparing to drop over the edge of the balcony.

"Stay!" cried the heroine, clinging round his neck. "You ride perhaps to death!"

"Nay, sweet, say not so; I ride to honor! With thoughts of thee in my heart no harm can come! Good-night--good-night!"

He tore himself from her frantic embrace, and dropped out of sight of the audience. "Go!" he hissed to the man.

As the horse leaped forward on to the stage the fellow gave a mighty vault and alighted standing on its bare back. He threw up one foot gracefully and danced easily on the other, and just before it was too late leaped into the air, turned a somersault, landed on the horse's back and bounded lightly to the stage.

It is recorded that the audience applauded tumultuously, but the remarks of Wallack are, unfortunately, lost.--Harper's Magazine.



### ALL IN THE GAME

There is an old card story which always appears to me to contain a moral for the direction of the young who are prone to rush in where their elders fear to tread. Two old "sports" were playing poker in the saloon of an Atlantic liner, and a group was watching them. A youth among the bystanders was appalled to observe that one of these old gentlemen appeared to be cheating in a most flagrant manner. So he presently exclaimed to the other player, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I feel it is my duty to tell you that the--the--person you are playing with dealt that last card from the back of his neck!" "Well, and why not?" replied the player he had addressed. "It was his deal."--The Tatler.



### BILL'S OCUPATION

A letter from Texas to the home folks in Georgia contains this expressive paragraph:

"Sorry to inform you that Billy is here--a raisin' of the devil and not believin' in no hell."--Atlanta Constitution,

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### AN OPTIMIST'S CREED

My creed in general is this:

First. I believe that the great things that have been gained in these countless ages in which men have been dwelling on this planet--and I think that we have gained great things--have been accomplished by a very slow growth indeed. So let us have the patience of God.

Second. I believe that things are trending toward what is good, and not toward what is bad.

Third. I believe implicitly that the desires of the American people are for justice and righteousness, however much they may be misled at times. The permanent things are the stars and the sun, and not the clouds or the dust.--Senator Hoar, in Wilsbire's Magazine.

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## THE IDEAL WOMAN

## EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIEW.

The feminine ideal of the Georgian period may best be defined as an interesting compound of moral perfection and intellectual deficiency. A study of the allusions to this complex personality in the literature of her own day teaches us that she was required to be, before all things, a "womanly woman," meek, timid, trustful, clinging, yielding, unselfish, helpless, and dependent, robust in neither body nor mind, but rather "fine by defect and amiably weak."

But the ideal woman, in spite of her convalescent floweriness, was expected to be a thoroughly practical domestic sort of person, "not learned save in gracious household ways," yet abounding in good sense and judgment, those darling qualities of the eighteenth century. The most flattering epitaph that could have been inscribed upon her tombstone was the touching tribute, "She was born a woman, and died a housekeeper." She was also, needless to say, a model wife and mother. She always married if she had the opportunity, because there was practically no career open to her; but even if there had been, she would have considered a loveless marriage infinitely more respectable than the pursuit of a congenial profession. She cherished no foolish sentimental ideas about waiting for her affinity, but when an eligible suitor presented himself, she felt that it was her duty to love him, or, at any rate, to marry him. Her married life might be unhappy, but that was of trifling consequence, since her chief occupation, outside her household duties, lay in the practice of patience and the performance of self-sacrifice.

The ideal woman was convinced that the home was her sole sphere of action, and that her interests and sympathies should be bounded by the kitchen on one side and the store-cupboard on the other. She was never, we are assured, dissatisfied with her lot, never revolted against the conditions of her life, never desired independence, either of thought or action, but was always contented to remain a burden on her male relations. She never



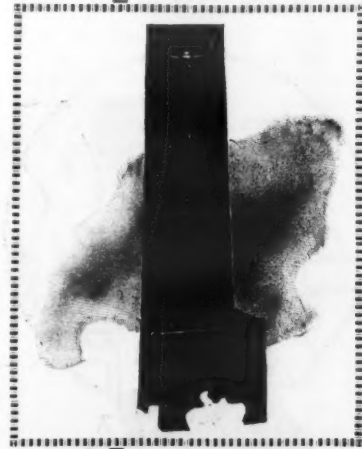
First time he shaved himself he cut a notch in his cheek to remind himself not to do it again.

'Spouse a man buys a cheap Homespun suit once just to remind himself not to repeat the offense.

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criticised the other sex, nor claimed equality with them, but cheerfully acquiesced in the theory of feminine inferiority. She is said to have regarded her men-folk with respectful admiration, to have accepted their judgments in a spirit of childlike faith, and to have obeyed their edicts with unquestioning submission. In short, to borrow the phrase of the immortal Vicar, she left all argument to her husband, and he never disputed her ability to make goose-pie.—George Paston, in *Side-Lights on the Georgian Period* (Dutton).

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY VIEW.

The ideal woman is a woman without an ideal. She is easy to live with. She is worth living for. She is worth working for. She is the high light in the charcoal drawing of humanity—man being the charcoal. She is the skylight in the edifice of the human life. She has no history. She has no story. She is the rhythm which transforms the prose of life into poetry. She wears a reasonable hat at matinees. She is too clever to talk of woman's rights; she takes them. She wears frocks that match her hair; she does not dye her hair to match her frocks.

She is the Sphinx that smiles at the trouble man takes to unravel the mystery of the Pyramids when he might be doing something with the money in it.

She helps her husband to build up a future for himself, and never seeks to rake up his past. She believes that a theory is the paper fortress of the immature, and that a clergyman may still be a man. She knows that when men talk about a woman being good-looking they mean that she is well-dressed, though they don't know it. She does not insist upon her husband's eating up the cucumber sandwiches left over from one of her parties; she eats them herself and suffers in silence.

She is not such a fool as to fancy that anyone is ever convinced by argument. She does not reason. She loves. She does not believe that a man can love only once, or only one. She herself prefers loving much to loving many. She believes that the first woman was a hieroglyphic inscription, and that every woman is but a "squeeze" of Eve. She knows that the key to the inscription is love. She knows that every real woman is the ideal woman, the fact being that every idea of the ideal woman is wholly dependent on the idealist, and every woman who is idolized is idealized.—Mr. Frankfort Moore in Mrs. F. H. Williamson's "Book of Beauty."

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## AMERICAN WOMEN IN EUROPE

The steady progress of American women in the minds of Europeans can be gauged by studying their present position in Europe. It is not to be denied that they are sharing many of the "seats of the mighty," and the most carping and jealous critics cannot find fault with the way they fill them. In the political, literary and diplomatic world they more than hold their own. The old prejudices against them, which mostly arose out of ignorance, have been removed, and American women are now appreciated as they deserve. That they have faults, and are open to criticism in many ways, is of course, natural; on this we shall touch later, but the fact remains undisputed that they are very successful in the Old World.

There is no doubt that their success is largely due to their wonderful adaptability, which they display without at the same time losing their individuality. A girl born and bred in the backwoods of some western State will adopt the manners and customs of her husband's country to such an extent that, after a few years, she might pass as of his nationality. The chief characteristic of the American woman is her versatility, and this, fostered by her ambition and active mind, seems to open all paths to her. Speaking the same language, she naturally feels more at home; besides, there is no doubt that English society is much broader-minded and more appreciative of individual merit than that of any other country; beauty and charm in a woman, and brains or good-fellowship in a man, will take either into fastidious and refined circles where dull duchesses and rich bores seek in vain to enter.

The education and bringing up of the average American girl is in some ways far superior to that of her English cousin, certainly in the way of book-learning. They are better read and have generally traveled before making their appearance in the social world, whereas a whole family of English girls may be educated by a more or less incompetent governess—with, perhaps, a few extra lessons from a master in elocution or music to "finish" them before they "come out;" the American girl in the same condition of life will begin from her earliest age with the best professor in all branches—she will be taken to Paris to follow "cours," to Italy to see pictures, and to Germany for music, if she has any talent, and, by the time she is eighteen, she is able to assert her views on most things and her independence in all. She has a full appreciation and knowledge of what she wants and of what is best, and in all things strives to attain it. She seldom loses her heart, and never her head, the coldness

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with which she is reproached being, perhaps, one of the sources of her power.

On the other hand, her education has many disadvantages not shared by the English girl. Most transplanted Americans have not, and do not understand the word "home." Their life of change—traveling, or stopping at hotels—engenders that restlessness for which they are noted and that adheres to them through life. They often miss thereby, and are not brought up with practical knowledge in household matters, which is one of the triumphs of English education, and which, when she embarks on matrimony, arms a woman, to some extent, with the sinews of war. It has often been said that reverence is not one of the virtues most prominent in the American character, and this, added to woman's advanced education, makes her very impatient of control, and often wanting in respect to her parents and elders, according to old-fashioned ideas.—Mrs. Cornwallis-West, in *Success*.

## EXTINGUISHED

He dressed in a style that he regarded as most "fetching," and he persistently ogled the young woman sitting on the opposite side of the car. Finally he edged through the crowd until he was directly in front of her, when he bent down and, lifting his hat, said:

"Beg pardon, but I'm sure I've met you somewhere."

"Oh, yes—" began the young woman, in a pleasant voice.

"Delighted—" broke in the youth, ecstatically.

"You are the young man who calls on our cook," continued the young woman, in a clear voice. "I'll tell Bridget that I saw you."—New York Evening Post.

## HER LIGHT

Mrs. A.—When I was engaged to my husband he was the light of my existence.

Miss D.—And now?

Mrs. A.—The light goes out every night.—Brooklyn Life.



# THE CURSE OF MONEY

Political science has one very clearly defined object, and it attains it; it is to maintain humbug and superstition among men, to impede humanity in its march towards truth and well-being. There has long existed a terrible superstition which has done men more harm than the most terrible of religious superstitions. This superstition consists in affirming that man has not only duties towards his fellows, but that he has more important ones toward an imaginary being. In religion, this imaginary being is God, and in political science, the state.

The religious superstition is, that the sacrifices—sometimes of human lives—which are offered to that imaginary being are necessary, and men may, and should, be constrained to perform them by every possible means, even by force. The political superstition is, that over and above the duties of man to man there are duties more important toward the imaginary being, the state, and that these sacrifices—very often of human lives—are also quite necessary, and that men may, and should be, constrained to perform them by all possible means, even by force.

The government—that is to say, armed men who use their weapons to do violence, and who levy what they please on those they oppress! The slaves give them their work, and at the same time believe that they give it not because their masters so wish it, but because military service and the blood-tax paid to the divinity called the state are necessary to assure their liberty and welfare, and they imagine that thanks to this tribute to their divinity they are free.

Slavery has been abolished in Rome, in America, and among ourselves, but only within certain limits. It has been abolished in words and not in fact. Slavery exists wherever a man is idle because others do his work, not out of love for him, but because he has the power to make them work for him. And wherever, as in all European societies, there are people who profit from the labors of millions of men, there slavery exists on a frightful scale.

Money is the same thing as slavery. Its aim and its results are the same. Its aim is to exempt some from the natural law of life—the law of personal labor for the satisfaction of our needs. And the results are: for the master, the invention of ever-new artificial needs which can never be satisfied, empty nothingness and degeneracy; and for the slave, debasement from his rank as man to that of an animal. Money, I repeat, is a new and terrible form of slavery. Like the personal servitude of old times, it debases master and slave, but it is much worse, for it does away with the beneficial personal intercourse.—Count Tolstoi, in La Revue.



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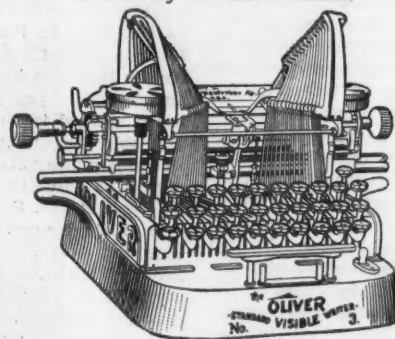
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## THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street appears to be in a state of hopeless confusion. It does not know where it is "at." The uninterrupted flood of liquidation on the stock exchange has completely mystified it. Traders are endeavoring to trace the selling, but in vain. Who the sellers are, is something that cannot be determined. And it is, therefore, no wonder that suspicion is rife and that the bears have things all their own way. The way leading stocks were thrown overboard of late was not calculated to make for a restoration of confidence. It assumed an almost panicky appearance at times. It looked as if leading bear operators had received secret information from headquarters in regard to the number of stop-loss-orders entered on the books of brokerage houses. Forced liquidation was largely responsible for the occasional violent breaks. The banks, to protect themselves, and alarmed at the constant crumbling away of values, called in loans wherever such action was required. They did not care to run any extra risks. Wall street firms had all the excitement they wanted. Between the savage onslaught made by the bears flushed with victory and the calling for additional margins, there was little time left in which they could take their bearings and try to solve the puzzling enigma contained in the present speculative situation.

Many shrewd observers still incline to the belief that the magnates are the principal mischief-makers, that it is they who are doing the selling and the sapping of the market's foundations. The movements of certain stocks, such as Pennsylvania, New York Central, Union Pacific, St. Paul, Atchison and Baltimore & Ohio seem to bear out this hypothesis. Every attack on Pennsylvania was invariably followed by a sharp selling movement in Union Pacific, and vice versa. The Goulds and Rockefellers have evidently determined to make things interesting for the Morgan-Pennsylvania interests. The late resignation of John D. Rockefeller from a leading financial institution of New York is regarded as additional testimony of the strained relations existing between the "powers."

Of course, after all is said, it still remains true that such a severe break in values could not have been brought about but for the inherent weakness which the speculative structure recently developed. Much of the selling was for syndicate account. Many thousands of shares which had been carried for months and months on borrowed money, and for which no buyers could be found, were thrown on the market as soon as it became apparent to holders that there was no prospect that the monetary situation would right itself in the near future. Ever since the

early part of 1902 the stock market has been suffering from aggravated congestion. There was too much "stuff" pressing for sale. And, what was worse, the public had become satiated. Its absorbing power had been exhausted. So what could the poor syndicate holders do except sell at the best prices obtainable?

Developments in Canadian markets conspired to increase the tension and desire to liquidate in New York as well as in Boston. Our friends across the northern border had also been afflicted with a fine and reckless prosperity jag. When the boom started in the iron and steel industry, they began buying stocks right and left and made noteworthy and successful efforts to emulate the example set them by Wall street. Stocks which had always been looked upon as old chromos went like hot cakes. The public had become infected with the notion that Canada was destined to assume a most important industrial position. And so they bought. Of course, the purchases were not confined to iron issues alone. They also asserted themselves in railroad shares. Canadian Pacific and Duluth, S. S. & Atlantic, Minneapolis, St. P. & Sault Ste. Marie, Minneapolis & St. Louis and Twin City became favorites. They were boomed for all they were worth.

When everybody had finally bought himself into a hole, the crash came. The first symptoms of weakness manifested themselves about a year ago, when certain stocks, of little or no value, began to tumble and suffered such an enormous depreciation that, in the end, there was hardly anything left of quotations.

The late debacle at Montreal and Toronto, and the failure of a prominent house, has cleared up the situation only partially. There are still a good many rotten spots. Canadian liquidation has not as yet run its full course. There is more to come. The Canadian collapse has, unquestionably, hurt many operators on this side, in Boston especially, to a serious extent. The late rumors current in Wall street that certain Boston houses were involved in difficulties are not reassuring. They suggest possibilities which are not pleasant to contemplate.

Iron prices have undergone a further reduction. The United States Steel Corporation is making strong efforts to steady the market, but it is doubtful if it will succeed. From Alabama come reports that various producers are hunting for new contracts. From this it must be inferred, of course, that consumptive demand is falling off, and that would-be buyers have reached the conclusion that prices are reasonably sure to go still lower. However, it must be admitted, at the same time, that, taken as a whole, the iron and steel business is still prosperous. And then we must also bear in mind that the late reductions have brought prices down to a level precluding Europeans from shipping their iron products to this country at a profit.

The Wall street farmer is once more studying crop reports. The Government's low estimate of cotton crop conditions has aroused his interest, and he is now anxiously awaiting the estimate on the winter wheat crop to be published on the 10th inst. There can be no doubt that the present condition of winter wheat is below that of a month ago. In Missouri, the estimate has already been reduced from 86 to 69.

The trend of stock-market values should soon be upwards again. Liquidation has been on an extensive scale. Stocks have been bought by people who are better able to hold and protect them. And the better class of dividend-payers has reached a basis which is becoming decidedly attractive. A sharp rally is in order. Will it come? Is Pennsylvania worth buying at the present time, when it is quoted at the lowest price touched since 1899? Whatever the temporary outcome may be, it should be borne in mind that the top has been seen.

The gold exports assumed large dimensions. The total outgo, so far, exceeds \$17,000,000. This is more than was shipped in May and June of 1902 and 1901. In re-

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sponse to the withdrawals, money rates have firmed up to a slight extent. A further rise should bring the efflux of gold to a stop, temporarily at least. It is to be noted in connection with this feature that the financial situation at Berlin has weakened and that the Bank of England is still engaged in efforts to procure larger supplies of the yellow metal.

#### LOCAL SECURITIES.

Street railway issues furnished the principal excitement on the St. Louis stock exchange in the past week. At one time it looked as if the bottom were to drop out of St. Louis Transit and United Railways preferred. Everybody appeared to be seized with a frantic desire to sell. Brokers found it difficult to keep track of their transactions. There were even disputes about the identity of buyers and sellers. Under an avalanche of offerings, Transit broke rapidly, the stock touching almost 20, while United Railways slid down to 70%. The break was promptly followed by a sharp rebound, which carried Transit to 23% and United to 72%. At the present writing, the quotations are 23 and 72% respectively. It is said that insiders were large buyers on the late break, and that their purchases will have the effect of giving the shares more stamina from now on. Let's hope that such will prove to be the case.

The bank and trust company shares were rather quiet. Commonwealth is going at 278 and Germania at 240. Bank of Commerce sold at 353 the other day. American Exchange is offered at 342. Mechanics' National is 277 bid, Third National 306 bid, Lincoln Trust 248 bid and Missouri Trust 127½ bid. Somebody is offering Mercantile at 359. No sale has been made for some days. Title Guaranty is a little stronger. It is now offered at 90. Buyers for it are hard to find, however.

The financial situation is satisfactory. Banks are well supplied with funds. Money is steady at 5 and 6 per cent. Drafts on New York are still at a stiff premium. Sterling exchange is steady and quoted at 4.88%.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

X. Y. Z., Moberly, Mo.—St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are speculative. Cannot be regarded as a strictly safe investment. Would prefer to invest in something better.

Dalton.—Would hold Illinois Central. It is a good investment stock. The company has a big surplus. Would recommend adding to holdings on further decline.

J. T. O'B.—Keep out of D. & R. G. common. It cannot be regarded as a tempting speculative purchase. The East St. Louis bonds you mention are perfectly safe. No need to worry about them.

S. D., Fulton, Mo.—Would hold Atchison preferred for the present. Stock should have a fair-sized advance.

W. E. R., Alliance, O.—Cannot give you any information regarding company referred to. The last dividend on Kennard Carpet preferred was paid in February, 1903. It was at the usual rate of 3½ per cent. There has been no sale for quite a while.

Jackson, Hastings, Neb.—Would hang on to Union Pacific. The decline has been extensive. Your chance to pull out unscathed is fairly good. Don't fool with International Power. Smelting common is too high.

N. C. B.—The mining concern referred to is only a prospect. Its stock is not listed on the Colorado Springs stock exchange.

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#### MR. BRYCE ON PARNELL

It has often been observed that Mr. Parnell was not Irish, and that he led the Irish people with success just because he did not share their characteristic weaknesses. But it is equally true that he was not English. One always felt the difference between his temperament and that of the normal Englishman. The same remarks applies to some other famous Irish leaders. Wolfe Tone, for instance, and Fitzgibbon (afterwards Lord Clare) were unlike the usual type of Irishman—that is, the Irishman in whom the Celtic element predominates; but they were also unlike Englishmen. The Anglo-Irish Protestants, a strong race, who have produced a number of remarkable men in excess of the proportion they bear to the whole population of the United Kingdom, fall into two classes—the men of Northeastern Ulster, in whom there is so large an infusion of Scottish blood that they may almost be called "Scotchmen with a difference," and the men of Leinster and Munster, who are true Anglo-Celts. It was to this latter class that Parnell belonged. They are a group by themselves, in whom some of the fire and impulsiveness of the Celt has been blended with some of the firmness, the tenacity, and the close hold upon facts which belong to the Englishman. Mr. Parnell, however, though he might be reckoned to the Anglo-Irish type, was not a normal specimen of it. He was a man whom you could not refer to any category, peculiar both in his intellect and in his character generally.

His intellect was eminently practical. He did not love speculation or the pursuit of abstract truth, nor had he a taste for literature, still less a delight in learning for its own sake. Even of the annals of Ireland his knowledge was more slender. He had no grasp of constitutional questions, and was not able to give any help in the construction of a Home Rule scheme in 1886.

His talent was, indeed, critical in a remarkable degree; keen, penetrating, stringently dispositive of the arguments of an opponent, ingenious in taking advantage of a false step in administration or of an admission imprudently made in debate. But it had also a positive and constructive quality. From time to time he would drop his negative attitude and sketch out plans of legislation which were always consistent and weighty, though not made attractive by any touch of imagination. They were the schemes not so much of a statesman as of an able man of business, who saw the facts, especially the financial facts, in a sharp, cold light, and they seldom went beyond what the facts could be made to prove. And his ideas struck one as being not only forcible but independent, the fruit of his own musings.

In Mr. Parnell's nature the moral element was imperfectly developed. He seemed cynical and callous; and it was probably his self-reliance which prevented him from sufficiently deferring to the ordinary moralities of mankind. His pride, which ought to have kept him free from the suspicion of dishonor, made him feel himself dispensed from the usual restraints. Whatever he did was right in his own eyes, and no other eyes need be regarded.

When he entered Parliament he was only thirty, with no experience of affairs and no gift of speech; but the quality that was in him of leading and ruling men, of taking the initiative, of seeing and striking at the weak point of the enemy, and fearlessly facing the brunt of an enemy's attack, made itself felt in a few months, and he rose without effort to the first place. With some intellectual limitations and some great faults, he will stand high in the long and melancholy series of Irish leaders: less lofty than Grattan, less romantic than Wolfe Tone, less attractive than O'Connell, less brilliant than any of these three, yet entitled to be remembered as one of the most remarkable characters that his country has produced in her struggle of many centuries against the larger Isle.—From



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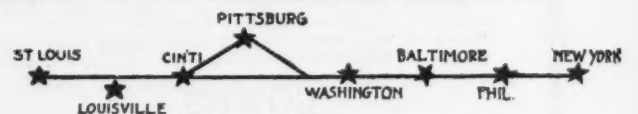
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#### GETS HOME TOO LATE

Hortense (aged 5)—My father comes down to dinner every night in a dress suit.

Helen (aged 6)—That's nothing. My papa often comes to breakfast in one.

#### THE WIFE ARCHITECT

Ascum—"How are the plans for your new house coming along?" Subbubs—"Splendidly." My wife has finally laid out all the closets she wants, and now all the architect's got to do is to build the house around them.—Philadelphia Press.

#### HIS IDEA

Teacher—A reptile is a creature that does not stand on feet, but crawls on the ground. Now, who'll give me an example of a reptile?

Pupil—Baby brother.—Smart Set.



# The Hot Days

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 Women's Fine Cambric Skirts, deep umbrella flounce, trimmed with four rows of torchon insertion and lace ruffle.....\$2.25  
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#### GOWNS

- Women's Fine Nainsook Gowns, made extra long and wide, neck and sleeves embroidery trimmed—special price.....89c  
 Women's Cambric Gowns, yoke of hemstitched tucks—special price.....50c  
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"It is not an unusual thing to have a particular toilette recalled to our mind with a pretty compliment accompanying the recollection. But this happens after we have devoted time, patience and real work to the garment, for to choose a satisfactory wardrobe at this day means hard work and requires good health, good taste, a steady head, quick eye, and an unlimited bank account. The time for a simple white frock has long since passed; even the gowns of a few years back pale before the elaborate creations of to-day. There are many means employed to substitute, to get the effect, but an experienced eye at once notes the effort, but sees not the desired result, because it isn't there.

"To dress well means to spend money, and plenty of it. We hear a great deal about copying some expensive material in cheaper and simpler materials. 'That it is just as pretty.' Pretty it may be, and decidedly effective, too, but it is not the same, and one may as well face the fact. Money it takes to dress, and many times as much as it ever did before. A gown to be up to date necessarily must be costly, the material of which it is built being the smallest expense. There are hundreds of extras that must be well selected, and are as necessary as the foundation itself. Something suggests something else. And so on indefinitely.

"Now what woman does not aim at an original style in dress, and what costs more than the exclusiveness of dress? It's so comforting to be spoken of as the woman who always wears real lace; and when we meet one who does appreciate the real value of such things, we right away, though unconsciously, form a certain respect for her.

"Another thing wherein a woman will immediately show her true feminine love of pretty, effective garments is in the selection of her lingerie. Take the simplest negligee she possesses, and you find it the daintiest affair, while the more pretentious ones are really works of art. Let the material be what it may, either of silk or cambric, there are miles of lace and ribbon adorning it. A kimona calls for a petticoat, one which is especially made for a kimona, and is a cloud of ruffles elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon, so elaborately, indeed, that as a convenience in the laundry, the flounces are put on with buttons and buttonholes that it may be easily removed and laundered to advantage.

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